

FEB.-MAR. 1950

PIRATES

COMICS

MOST NOTORIOUS BUCCANEERS OF THE SEAS

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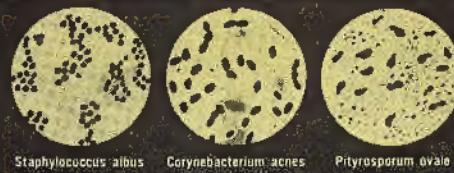
A HILLMAN PUBLICATION



A 52 Page
Magazine

NEW MEDICAL EVIDENCE SHOWS HAIR CAN BE SAVED!

Hair-Destroying Germs Disclosed



Staphylococcus albus Corynebacterium acnes Pityrosporum ovale

Shown above are germ organisms believed by many leading medical authorities to cause seborrhea and dandruff that may result in hair loss and eventual baldness.

"Kill these scalp germs," say these doctors, "and you remove this cause of itchy scalp, dandruff and seborrhea, ugly head scales and unpleasant head odors—and stop the hair loss they cause."

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE GERMS KILLED BY SEBACIN

Exhaustive tests* made by a nationally-known impartial testing laboratory prove conclusively that Sebacin KILLS ON CONTACT all of the hair-destroying bacteria named by leading medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness.

Sebacin was tested on cultures of staphylococcus albus, corynebacterium acnes and pityrosporum ovale on 1-minute exposures. The test method was the F.D.A. wet filter paper method described by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sebacin killed the test cultures on contact.

*Report No. 6957, May 31, 1949

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES BLAME GERM INFECTIONS FOR COMMON BALDNESS

TESTED AND PROVED

by men and women all over the U. S.

"Like many others, I had very little faith in your product, but after using it for a month, I was amazed for it has done wonders for me and I sincerely recommend your product to anyone with falling hair."

A.A.—Oakland, Calif.

"My husband has used a bottle of your product and the wonderful results for his scalp and hair. So I'm sending for the treatment for myself."

Mrs. V.A.—Hammond, Mo.

"On January 28th, I received my scalp treatment and that evening I got busy with it. From the first application up to this day I have had no itchy scalp. And I cannot comb a hair out."

R.S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Have tried many hair tonics, but your treatment is the only one that has proven satisfactory to me."

C.E.W.—Lynchburg, Va.

"Got rid of my dandruff."

R.H.McD.—N. Kansas City, Mo.

"Had despaired of ever having normal head of hair again. Getting wonderful results from your treatment."

Mrs. M.E.—McKean, Pa.

"Stopped my scalp itch and been wonderful for my hair."

A.R.—Bell's Fourche, S. D.

"Received great relief from itchy scalp and dandruff from your treatment. I and it has stopped my falling hair."

A.K.—Randolph Field, Texas

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the Sebacin. People around here have noticed the instant results. I'll tell you it's wonderful."

Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Texas

"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."

J.P.—Stockton, Calif.

Washington, D. C.—New hope was offered to men and women suffering from the age-old problem of baldness, in recent testimony here by leading dermatologists.

Beware of these 5 danger signs

Neglect May Lead to Baldness



1. Over-dryness of hair and scalp
2. Scalp Itch
3. Hair loss
4. Dandruff or seborrhea
5. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp

Most people lose a few hairs daily. This is no cause for alarm as they are immediately replaced by the normal, healthy scalp. However, when you see any or all of the danger signs listed above, it is often a warning of scalp infection and approaching baldness.

Grateful users of Sebacin Basic Formula write that a single treatment will often eliminate annoying symptoms. By keeping the scalp clear and free of germ infection, you give nature a chance to replace hair loss.

In revealing statements, it was disclosed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrhea and dandruff, and may be the cause of these scalp conditions which result in baldness! The dangerous scalp bacteria named were the staphylococcus albus, the microbacterium, and corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale.

In reply to direct questions, the medical authorities agreed that:

1. At least 50% of doctors and dermatologists experienced in treating hair and scalp disorders are convinced that seborrhea and dandruff are an important cause of baldness.

2. This baldness may be prevented if seborrhea and dandruff are controlled.

3. The bacteria staphylococcus albus, the microbacterium or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale are invariably found when seborrhea is present and are considered to be its cause.

4. An antiseptic containing b-hydroxynaphthalene, sodium phenosulfonate, cinnamic acid and other specialized drugs can and will kill these germs.

This impressive testimony by competent medical doctors now made public for the first time, offers renewed hope for the treatment of sick scalps and the prevention of baldness.

BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

SEBACIN INC., EMPIRE THEATRE BLDG., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Sebacin hair and scalp treatment (50 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE full and immediate refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.
 Send COD. I will pay postman \$10.00 plus postage charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....
APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign — no C.O.D.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

COPYRIGHT 1949, SEBACIN INC.

Guarantee

The Sebacin formula series is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, compounded under rigid scientific conditions. The Sebacin treatment must result in marked improvement to your hair and scalp, or we guarantee full and immediate refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

Sebacin Inc.

(Clinical samples of Sebacin formulas are available without charge to medical doctors, clinics and hospitals upon request.)

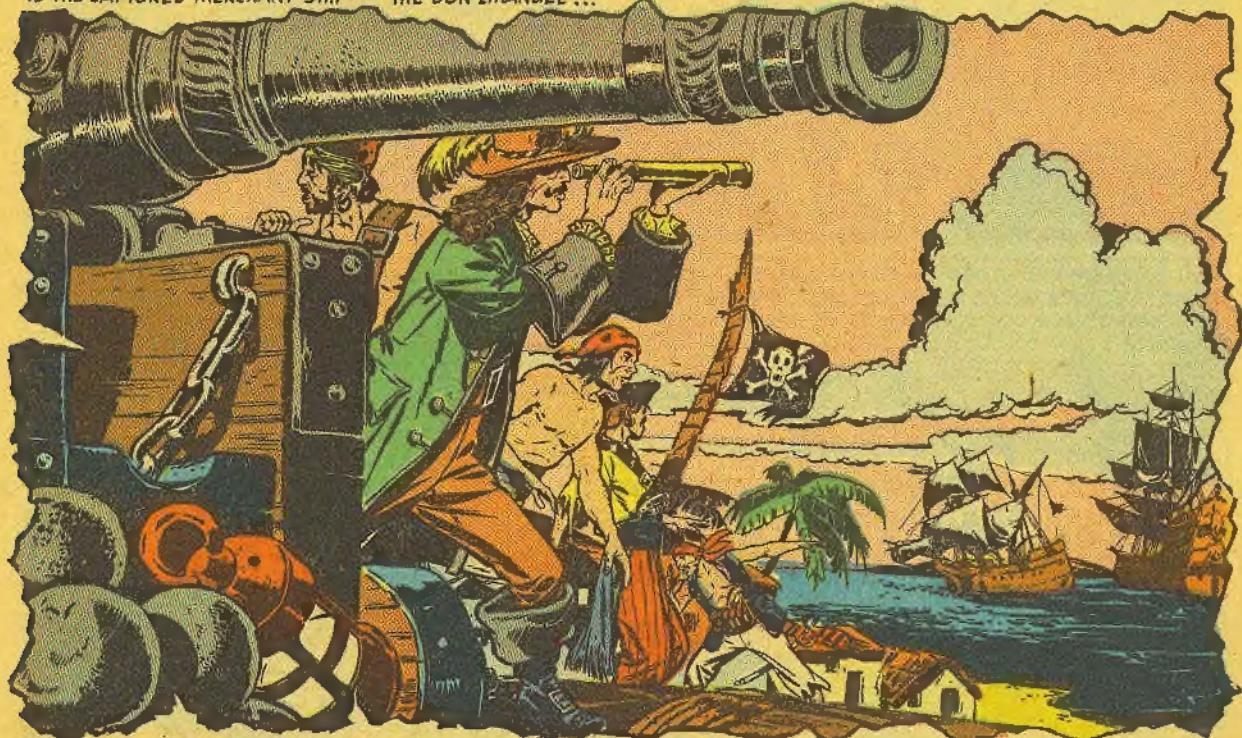
Either way, don't delay! You have everything to gain—at no risk. We can state without reservation that **NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO MORE TO SAVE YOUR HAIR!**

Delay may cost you your hair! Fill out the coupon and mail today.

The Sea Witch

IT WAS ABOUT 1680 WHEN THE SPANISH MAIN WAS THE BLACK NESTING PLACE OF THE FOULEST PIRATES IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE... AND ONE NAME THAT CHILLED THE STOUTEST HEARTS WAS THAT OF CAPTAIN SHARPE, WHOSE SKULL AND CROSSBONES FLEW FROM THE MAST OF HIS SLEEK, BLACK SHIP--"THE SEA WITCH"... MANY WERE THE PRIZES THAT SURRENDERED TO THIS SWIFT RAIDER... AND NOW WE ARE IN THE HARBOR OF TORTUGA, AND A RIVAL PIRATE BAND LOOKS OUT TO SEA AND WITH ENVY THEY EXCITEDLY WATCH AS CAPTAIN SHARPE BRINGS IN ANOTHER RICH PRIZE... IT IS THE CAPTURED MERCHANT SHIP--"THE DON EMANUEL"...

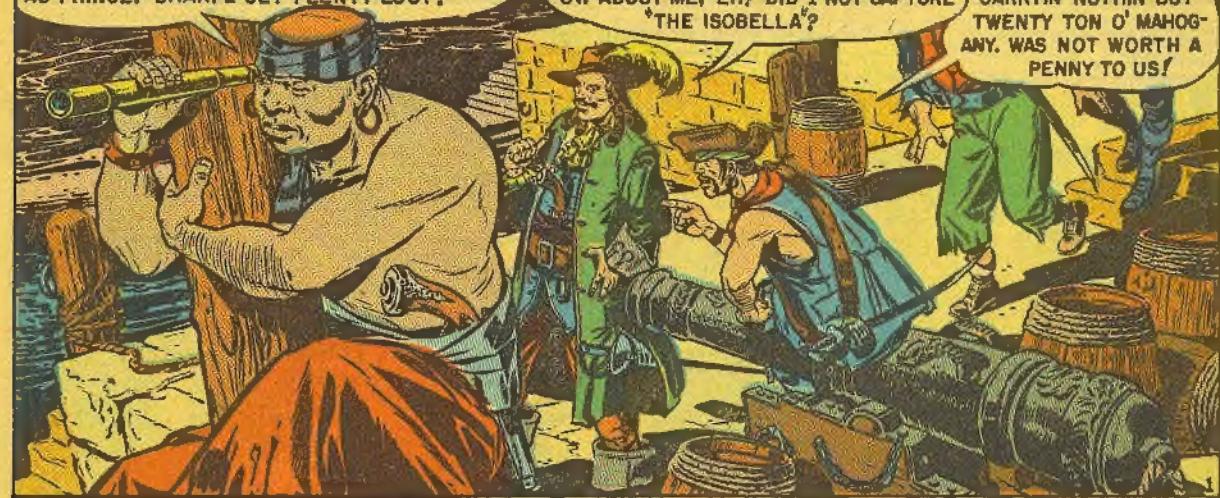
Based on
a True Story



PRIZE SHIP, "DON EMANUEL". IT'S CARRYING SILKS AND SILVER PLATE FROM BARCELONA TO PORT AU PRINCE. SHARPE GET PLENTY LOOT!

BAH! YOU'D THINK CAPTAIN SHARPE WAS THE ONLY GOOD MAN IN TORTUGA. 'OW ABOUT ME, EH? DID I NOT CAPTURE "THE ISOBELLA"?

YEP, BUT AS I REMEMBER IT, SHE WAS CARRYIN' NOTHIN' BUT TWENTY TON O' MAHOGANY. WAS NOT WORTH A PENNY TO US!



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HIM COME NOW. TONIGHT BIG CELEBRATION!

ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU WILL CELEBRATE HIS DEATH! AND I, JULIAN GAULT, WILL BE THE ONE WHO KILLS HIM!

THE DAY YOU KILL

CAPTAIN SHARPE, HE'LL HAVE HIS BACK TURNED! FACE TO FACE, SWORD TO SWORD, HE'D SPLIT YOU LIKE A SUCKLING PIG!

HO, KETCH! WHAT THINK YOU OF THE TREASURE SHIP?

AYE! IS SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, CAPTAIN! SEE YA TOOK A FEW

PRISONERS THIS 'TIME, TOO. WE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH 'EM?



NOT SO, KETCH, YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY ROGUE! I'M SELLING THEM AS SLAVES IN THE BARBADOS! SUCH STRONG BACKS WILL BRING GOOD GOLD! AH, BUT I'VE A PLAN YOU'LL LIKE, BOY!



NOT NOW, ME BUCKO. THERE'S TIME FOR THAT TONIGHT! WELL, YOU BONNY CUT-THROATS! ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE YOUR CAPTAIN HOME?



THAT NIGHT, TORTUGA IS A SCENE OF HIGH REVELRY, AS THE BUCCANEERS CELEBRATE THE DON EMANUEL'S CAPTURE...

AND THERE HE WAS, LADS, DON DIEGO HIMSELF, DRESSED IN VELVETS AND LACE, AN' SURRENDERIN' HIS SWORD TO ME, JUST LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN! 'COURSE I TOOK IT AFORE I RUN 'IM THROUGH!

BRAVO, CAPTAIN! IT WAS THE ACT OF A COURAGEOUS MAN!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, JULIAN, I'D TAKE THAT AS A FIGHTIN' REMARK. AS IT IS, WE'LL FORGET IT! GATHER 'ROUND ME, LADS. I'VE PLANNED AN ENTERPRISE THAT'LL MAKE US ALL RICH.

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', CAPTAIN!

WE'RE GOING TO SACK LA FRANCAISE! THE CITY'S BURSTING WITH TREASURE. WHAT D'YOU THINK, LADS?

I DUNNO, CAP! LA FRANCAISE IS A HARD NUT TO CRACK! SHE'S DEFENDED BY TWO HARBOR FORTS CARRYIN' OVER A HUNDRED BIG GUNS. AND SHE'S SURROUNDED SEAWARD BY THICK WALLS!



BUT IF YA THINK IT CAN BE DONE, WE'RE ALL WITH YE!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, KETCH. I'LL NOT RISK MY SHIP IN THE VENTURE, OR MY MEN! IT IS A FOOLHARDY SCHEME.

I SAY WHAT IS FOOLHARDY, NOT YOU! AND NO MAN PULLS OUT OF ANY VENTURE WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!

I QUESTION YOUR AUTHORITY AND STAND READY TO DEFEND MY OWN DECISION!



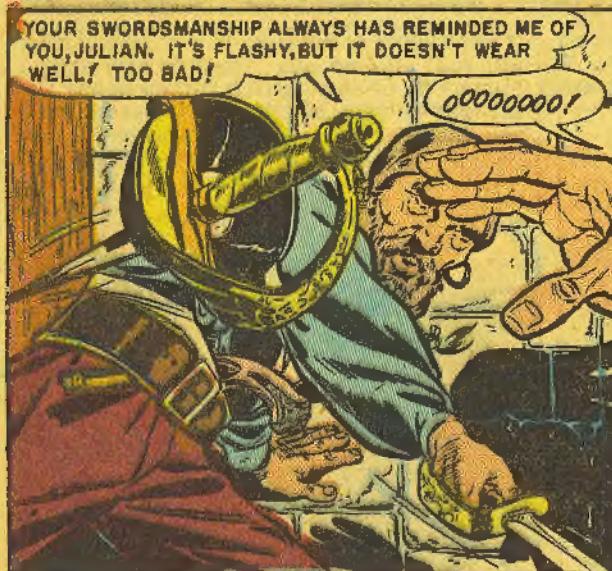
DEFEND IT THEN!

GLADLY! I'VE MEANT TO KILL YOU AT ANY RATE. TONIGHT IS AS GOOD A TIME AS MOST!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T WAIT ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS, JULIAN! 'TIS SAD TO DIE SO YOUNG!

YOUR HUMOR WILL SOUR WITH THE TASTE OF MY BLADES!





SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, ON JUNE 17, 1680, CAPTAIN SHARPE'S PIRATE ARMADA IS READY FOR ACTION....



AND A WEEK LATER, IT IS STANDING OFF THE HARBOR OF LA FRANCAISE, TRADING FIRE WITH THE FORT DEFENDERS...



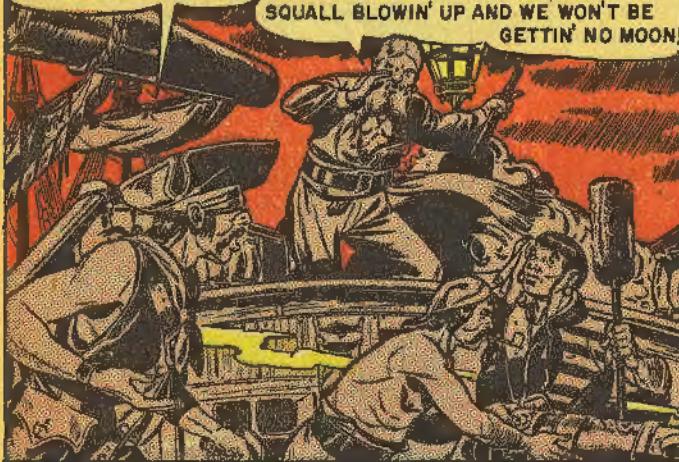
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CANNON-BALLS IN THE FLEET TO REDUCE THEM FORTS, CAP? HOW 'BOUT THAT PLAN OF YOURS?

EASY DOES IT, LAD, WE NEED PITCH BLACKNESS FOR SUCCESS AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO GET IT TONIGHT! THERE'S A SQUALL BLOWIN' UP AND WE WON'T BE GETTIN' NO MOON!

DARKNESS COMES....

WE'RE PULLIN' THE SEA WITCH OUT. PASS THE WORD ON TO THE OTHER SHIPS TO CEASE FIRE 'TIL WE CLEAR YA. WE DON'T WANT THE FORTS TO SPOT US FROM THE GUN FLASHES!

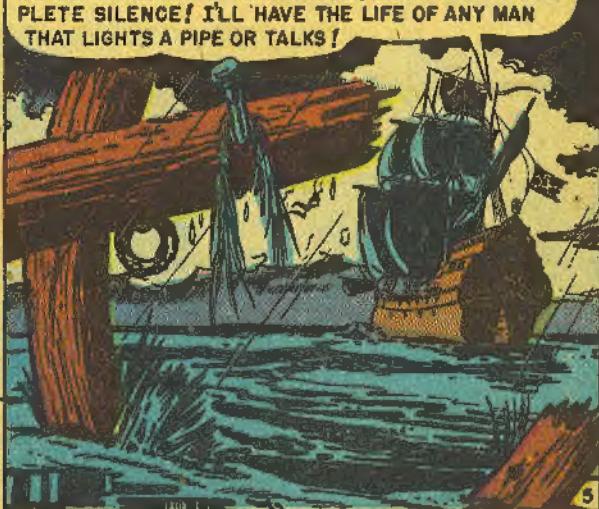
HOW'LL WE KNOW WHEN YOU'VE LANDED?



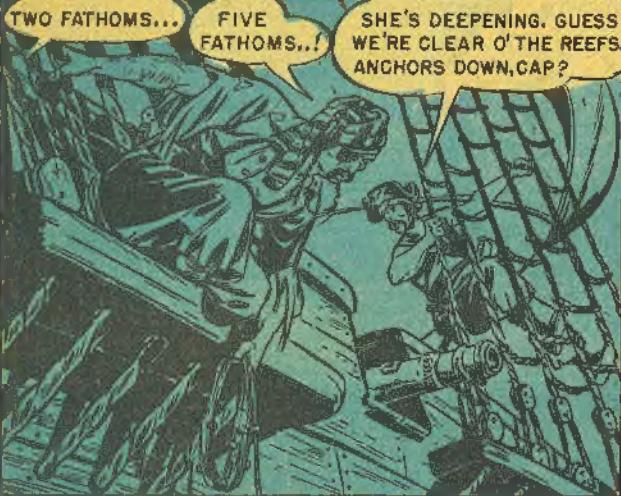
YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YA SEE THEM FORTS BLASTED TO SMITHEREENS! THEY'LL BE THE FIRST TARGETS!



WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE THE ISLAND AN' MAKE A LANDING. WE'LL BE RIDIN' CLOSE TO SHORE, WHICH MEANS COMPLETE SILENCE! I'LL HAVE THE LIFE OF ANY MAN THAT LIGHTS A PIPE OR TALKS!



THE SEA WITCH CIRCLES THE ISLAND AND SLOWLY SAILS INTO A SMALL INLET BEHIND THE CITY...



• YES, BUT NO SPLASHING! LOWER THE SMALL BOATS AND BREAK OUT THE POWDER KEGS. WE'RE GONNA NEED PLENTY O' POWDER!

BREAK OUT THE POWDER! TWENTY KEGS AND FUSES TO MATCH! ON THE DOUBLE!



THE BUCCANEER CREW MADE THEIR SILENT WAY AROUND THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS TO A POINT NEAR THE TWIN FORTS...

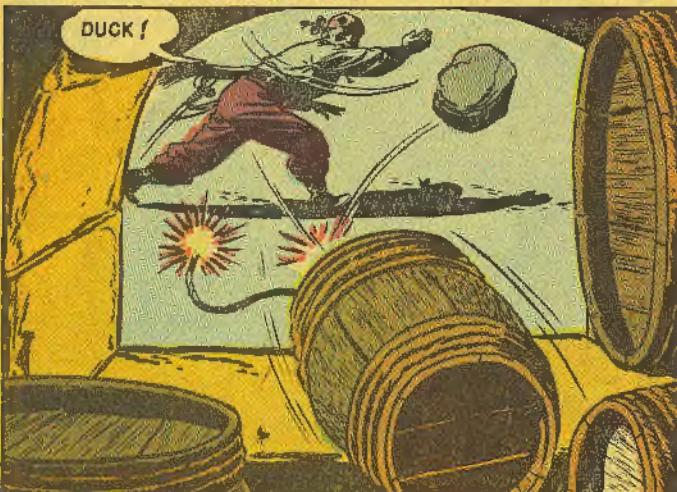
HOLD UP, LADS. THEM FORTS IS DEAD AHEAD. WE BREAK UP HERE! KETCH, TAKE TEN MEN WITH POWDER TO THE FORT ON THE RIGHT, I'LL TAKE THE LEFT! PLANT 'EM NEAR THE POWDER ROOM, AN' SET 'EM OFF!



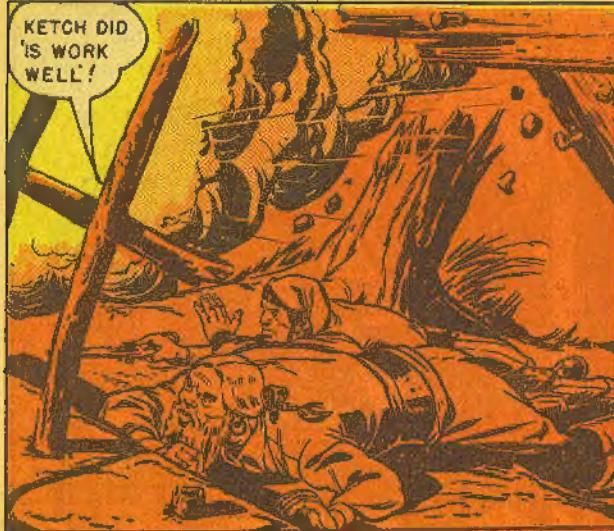
HAH! WE'LL ONLY NEED ONE KEG FOR THIS JOB! AN' I'M GONNA DROP IT RIGHT INTO THE LAPS OF THEM RATS!! GET THE MEN OUT OF THE WAY!



PLANTING THE KEG OF POWDER IN THE SLOT, SHARPE STEPS BACK, TAKES CAREFUL AIM WITH A HEAVY STONE, AND KNOCKS IT THROUGH, INTO THE FORT'S POWDER DUMP...



A MOMENT LATER, THE SECOND FORT FOLLOWS...



WITH THE FORTS OUT OF THE WAY, THE PIRATE FLEET SAILS INTO THE HARBOR...



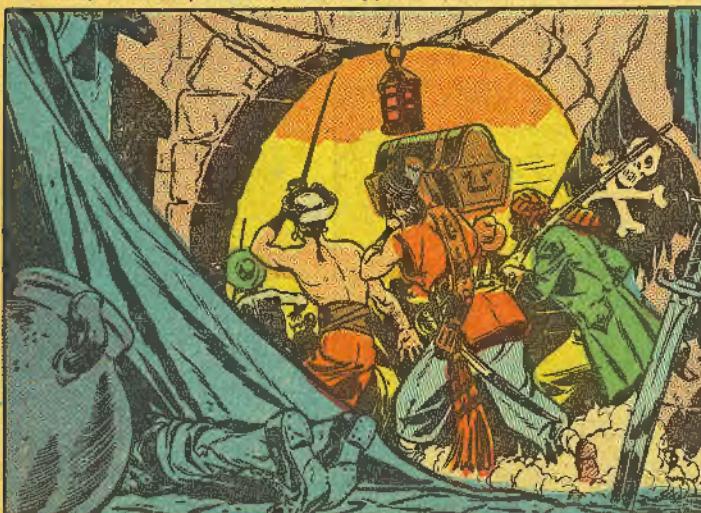
AND SWARMS INTO TOWN...



ROUND UP THE FAT MERCHANTS AND THE RICH LORDS! HERD 'EM INTO THE GRAND BALLROOM AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE!



THE BUCCANEER Hordes SWEEP THROUGH THE CITY LIKE SEARING FLAME, LOOTING, DESTROYING....



....AND BURNING.



MEANWHILE, AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, WHICH THE PIRATE HORDES HAVEN'T REACHED....

WE CAN'T STOP THEM! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE WITH ALMOST EVERY PROMINENT PERSON IN TOWN AS THEIR PRISONERS!

MAY I SUGGEST SOMETHING, SIRE?

SPEAK UP!

I KNOW THIS SCOUNDREL, SHARPE! HE'S THE CRUELEST AND MOST GRASPING BUCCANEER OF THEM ALL, BUT HE HAS ONE WEAK SPOT, HIS GREED FOR GOLD!

GO ON!



PLAYING UPON THIS WEAK SPOT, I'VE A PLAN TO RID THE ISLANDS OF HIM AND HIS MONGREL CREW FOREVER! YOUR PART OF THE PLAN WILL BE TO BRIBE HIM BY PROMISE OF MUCH GOLD TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND BY TOMORROW'S SUNRISE. TRUST ME TO THE REST!

WITH THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY COMES THE CUSTOMARY DEMAND FOR RANSOM IN EXCHANGE FOR THE LIVES OF ITS INHABITANTS...



CONDITIONS! WHAT TALK IS THIS FROM A MAN AS HELPLESS AS A RABBIT? I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE LIFE OF YOUR CITY AND THE CONTENTS OF YOUR TREASURY TO BOOT!

OUR LIVES YOU MAY TAKE, BUT NOT THE TREASURY! ONLY I KNOW ITS SECRET! AND BY THE TIME YOU PRY IT FROM ME, MAN-O'-WARS WILL HAVE ARRIVED FROM JAMAICA AND PORT-AU PRINCE!



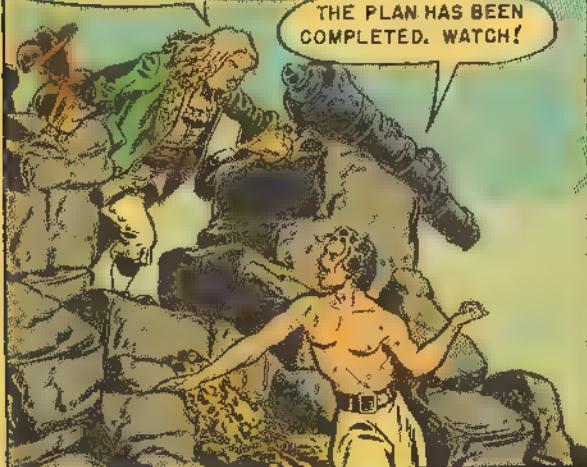
OUT WITH THE TREASURY CONDITION! THE CONDITION CONTAINS ONE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND PIECES OF EIGHT! YOU SHALL HAVE IT ALL PROVIDING YOU AND YOUR MEN LEAVE THIS CITY BY SUNRISE TOMORROW!

BRING FORTH THE TREASURE! I'LL KEEP THE BARGAIN!



SHARPE'S FLEET IS SAILING, BUT—? JEAN! YOU LOOK LIKE A DROWNED CAT! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, BOY? AND WHAT ABOUT THAT PLAN OF YOURS, EH?

THE PLAN HAS BEEN COMPLETED. WATCH!

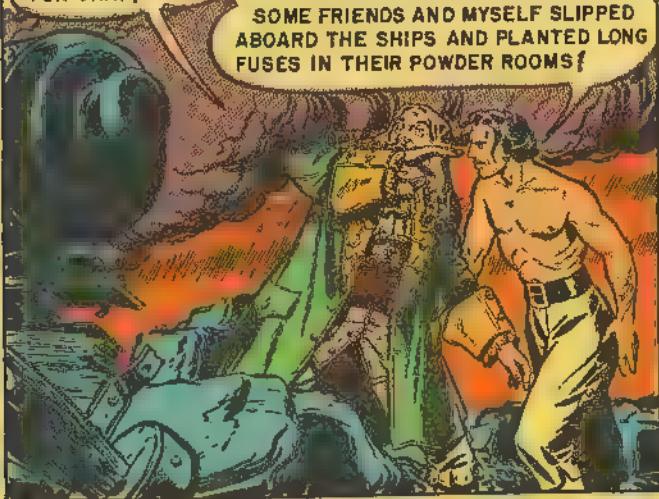


ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE OTHERS FOLLOW. . . .



GOOD GRIEF!
ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE
FOR THAT?

YES, SIRE! WHILE CAPTAIN SHARPE HAGGLED OVER HIS RANSOM AND HIS MEN HELD HIGH REVELRY IN TOWN, SOME FRIENDS AND MYSELF SLIPPED ABOARD THE SHIPS AND PLANTED LONG FUSES IN THEIR POWDER ROOMS!



WHEN WE SAW THE PIRATES COMING BACK TO THEIR SHIPS, WE LIT THE FUSES AND SLIPPED OVERBOARD. MY ONLY REGRET IS THE KING'S RANSOM IN GOLD THAT WENT DOWN WITH THEM!

BELIEVE ME, MY BOY! IT WAS WORTH EVERY CENT OF IT! YOU CAN'T COUNT THE LIVES THAT SCOUNDREL'S DEATH HAS SAVED IN TREASURE!

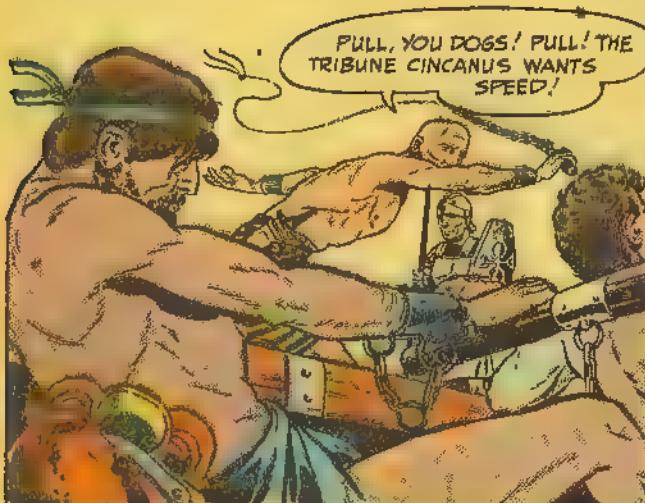


YES, IT WAS GREED FOR GOLD, THAT WIPE OUT THE BUCCANEERS, AND SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF LA FRANCAISE, FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP, ARE TONS OF IT WITHIN THEIR VERY REACH!

ALPHA

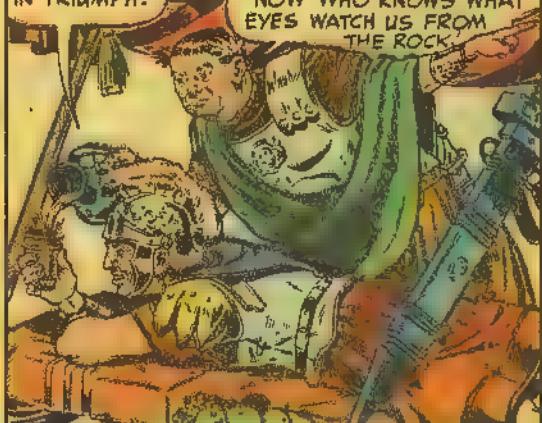
The SLAVE PIRATE

IT WAS A TIME WHEN THE COLORFUL GALLEYS OF THE MIGHTY ROMAN EMPIRE PLIED THE SEAS... AND BEHIND ALL THEIR GILT, ORNAMENTATION AND RICH SAILS, THEY WERE HIDEOUS VESSELS OF MISERY BECAUSE, CHAINED TO THEIR OARS WERE THE SWEATING, PAIN-WRACKED GALLEY SLAVES WHO LABORED 'TIL DEATH UNDER THE BURNING SUN... AND NOW THE LEAD-TIPPED LASH FALLS ON THE BACKS OF THE UNFORTUNATE CREATURES ABOARD THE "LIONESS" --- AND IT IS AMONG HER GALLEY SLAVES THAT WE ARE TO COME UPON THE GREEK, ALPHA... FOR THIS IS HIS UNHAPPY LOT.....



SOON, GAIUS! SOON! FOR YEARS I HAVE PLANNED THIS DAY! I SHALL BE THE FIRST ROMAN TO ATTACK GAUL FROM THE OPEN SEA! WE SHALL RETURN TO ROME IN TRIUMPH!

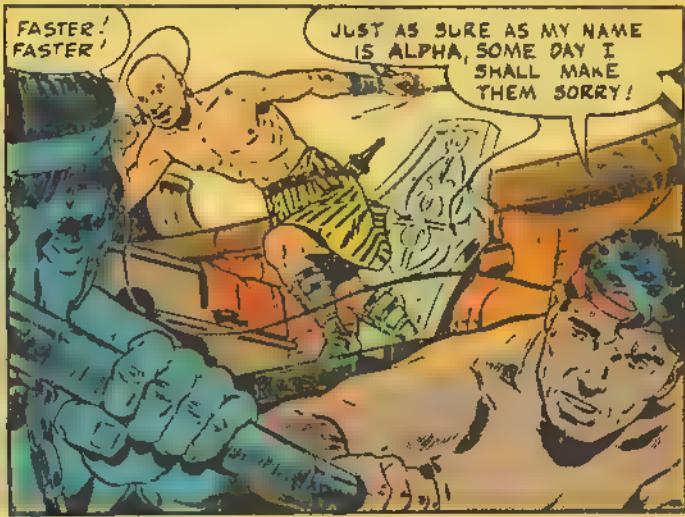
AYE, TRIBUNE CINCANUS! YET EVEN NOW WHO KNOWS WHAT EYES WATCH US FROM THE ROCK!



TRUE! SEE THAT THE SLAVE-MASTER RAISES
THE BEAT! WE MUST GO FASTER! FASTER!
THESE GREEK SLAVES PULL LIKE WOMEN!



LIKE A SNAKE SEEKING ITS PREY, THE LASH OF THE SLAVE-MASTER ROSE AND FELL ON THE NAKED BACKS OF THE SLAVES!



EAGERLY, THE "LIONESS" LEAPED TOWARD THE JAGGED, POCKY SHORE... BUT NOT EVEN THE POWER OF ROME COULD FIGHT THE STRONG CROSS CURRENTS WHICH HERE, WHERE SEA AND STRAIT MEET, ENGAGE IN AN ENDLESS TUG OF WAR!



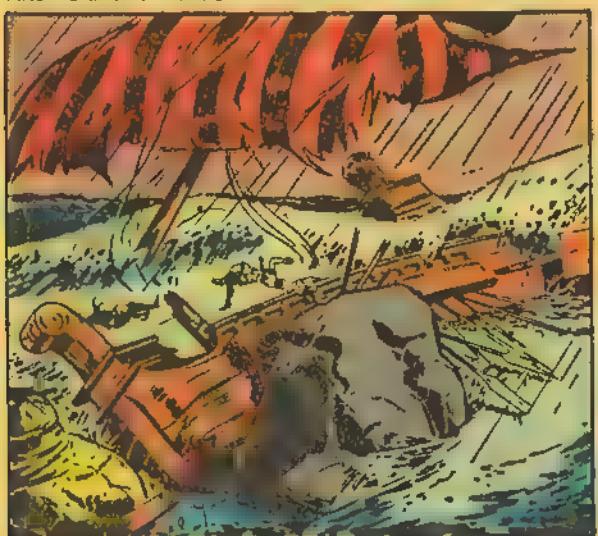
WE'RE LOSING WAY!
WHY? TELL ME WHY
OR BY THE GODS I'LL
HAVE YOUR HEAD!

THE CURRENTS,
TRIBUNE! THEY TUG
LIKE THE POWERS
OF DARKNESS
THEMSELVES! AND
THERE IS A SQUALL
COMING!

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE CRUEL SMILE WHICH HAD TWISTED THE LIPS OF THE TRIBUNE CINCANUS BECAME THE HOWLING LAUGH OF MOTHER NATURE LIKE A TWIG, THE MIGHTY ROMAN GALLEY POISED HIGH IN THE AIR...



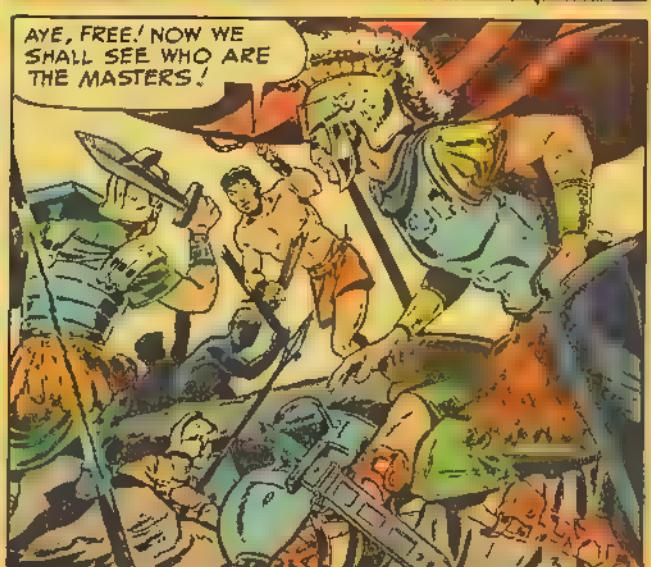
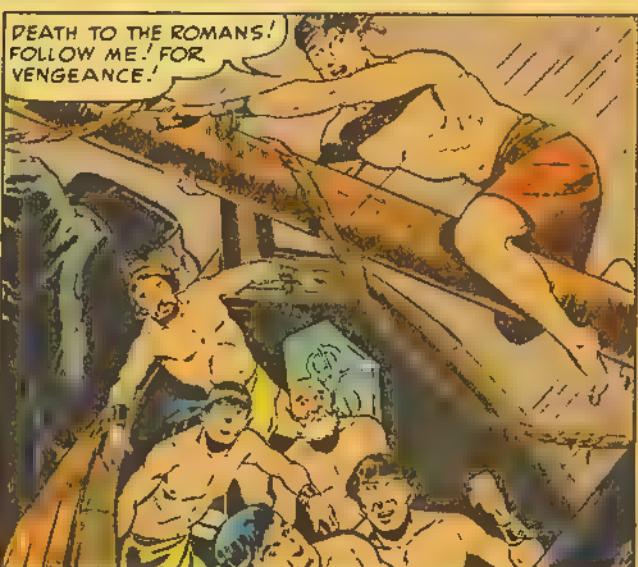
AND CRASHED INTO THE HIDDEN ROCKS BELOW...

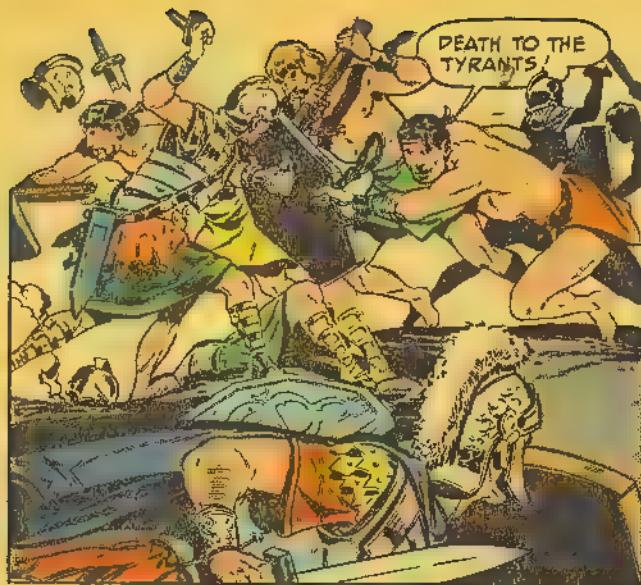


SPewing ITS HUMAN CARGO INTO THE ANGRY WATERS!

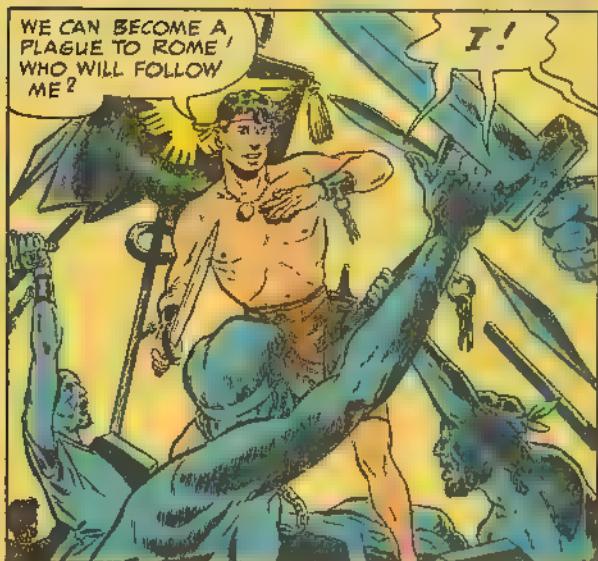
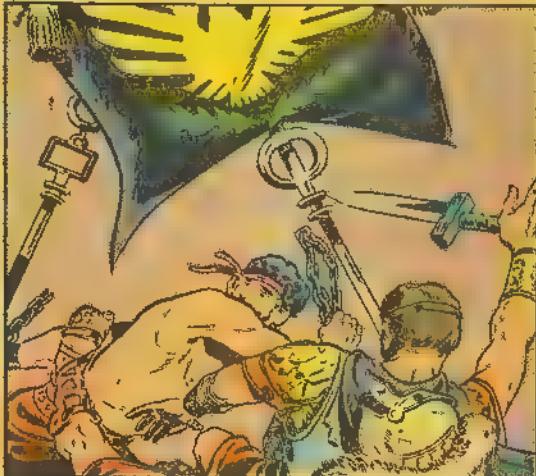


IN THEIR HEAVY ARMOR, THE ROMANS DROWNED LIKE FLIES, YET INSIDE THE STRICKEN GALLEY, THE HORROR WAS EVEN GREATER!



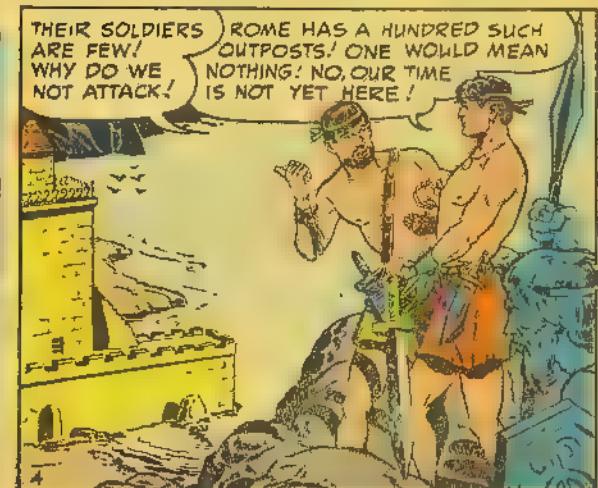


CHAINS ARE POOR WEAPONS AGAINST SWORDS, BUT IN THE SLAVES THERE BURNED A FIRE THAT WOULD NOT BE QUENCHED! SLOWLY, THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED! THEN...



SO ALPHA HAD HIS TROOPS! NO LONGER SLAVES, BUT FREE MEN! HUGGING THE SHORELINE, THE RAGGED BAND BEGAN THE LONG JOURNEY BACK ALONG THE COAST OF GAUL, FOR ALPHA HAD A PLAN!

YET EVEN HERE, ON THE VERY FRINGE OF ROME'S MIGHTY EMPIRE, THERE WAS DANGER. DANGER WHICH ALPHA WAS NOT YET READY TO RISK!

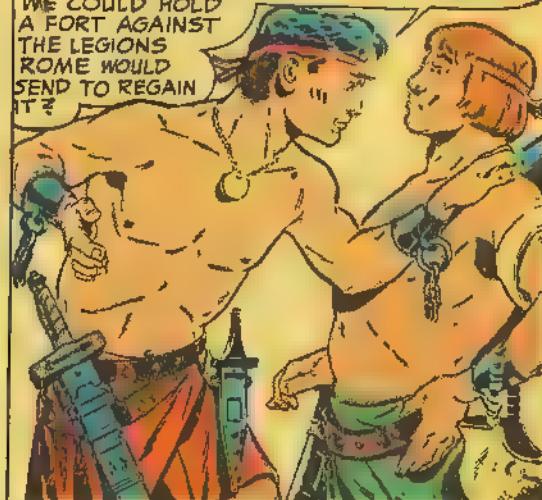


WEEK AFTER WEEK, THE WEARY MARCH WENT ON, THEN, FAR DOWN THE COAST OF GAUL, ALPHA CALLED A HALT...

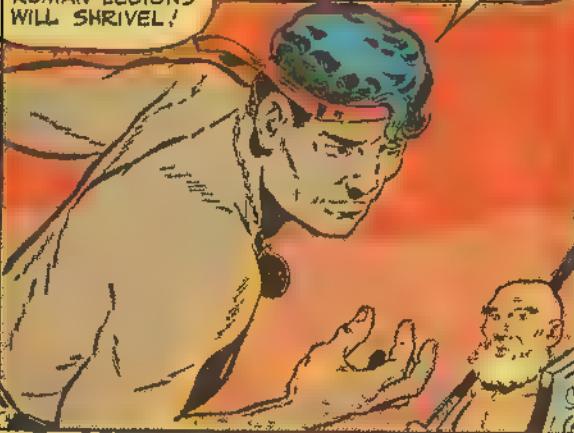
WE WILL REST HERE SEVEN DAYS, THEN WE WILL TRY MY PLAN!

PLAN! WHY DID WE NOT PUT THE ROMAN OUTPOSTS WE PASSED TO THE SWORD? CAN IT BE THAT OUR LEADER IS RUNNING FROM THE ROMAN EAGLES?

FOOL! WOULD YOU WASTE LIVES TO WIN A HEAP OF STONE? ARE WE AN ARMY THAT WE COULD HOLD A FORT AGAINST THE LEGIONS ROME WOULD SEND TO REGAIN IT?



NO, WE SHALL NOT FIGHT THE ARMIES OF ROME! INSTEAD, WE WILL SWEEP THE ROMANS FROM THE SEA! WATER IS THE LIFE'S BLOOD OF EMPIRE! WE SHALL BALE THE SEA, DAMMING UP THE BLOOD OF EMPIRE! WITHOUT SUPPLIES, THE ROMAN LEGIONS WILL SHRIVEL!



AYE! A BRAVE PLAN! WE SHALL BE PIRATES..WITHOUT A SHIP! WE HAVE NO SHIP NOR WEAPONS WITH WHICH TO WIN ONE!

NO, BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE! SOMETHING THE ROMANS HAVE FORGOTTEN IN THEIR LUST FOR CONQUEST: BRAINS!



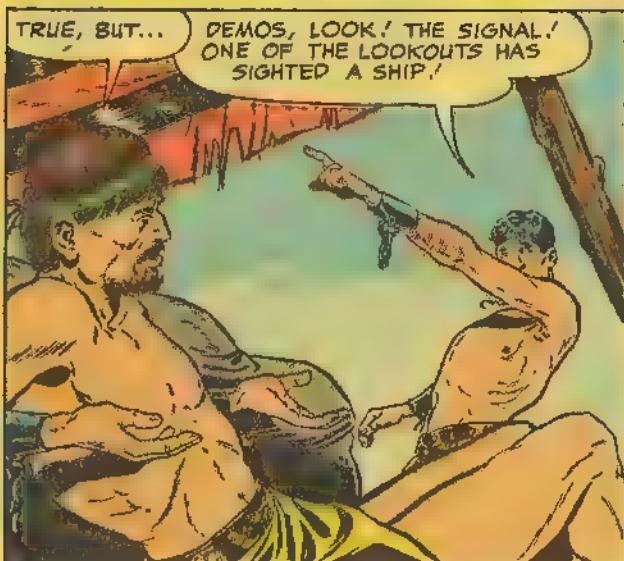
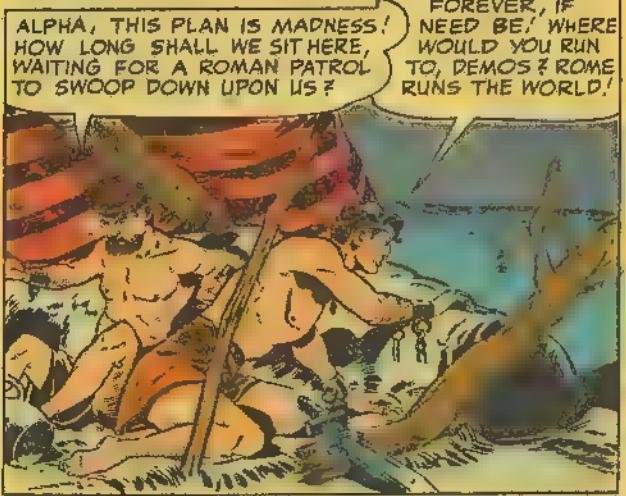
AYE, BRAINS...AND THE NECESSITY FOR USING THEM! THE TWO GREATEST WEAPONS IN THE WORLD! WITH LUCK, MY PLAN WILL BRING INTO OUR HANDS A GALLEY OF THE ROMAN EAGLE! LISTEN CLOSELY! THIS IS THE PLAN...

LIKE ALL GREAT SCHEMES OF BATTLE, ALPHA'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE...



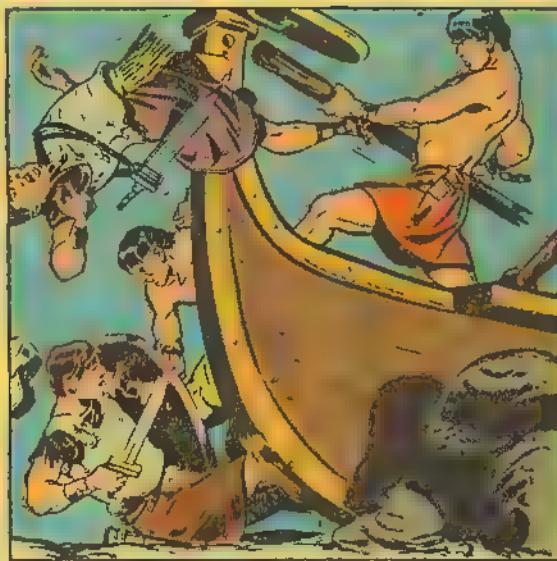
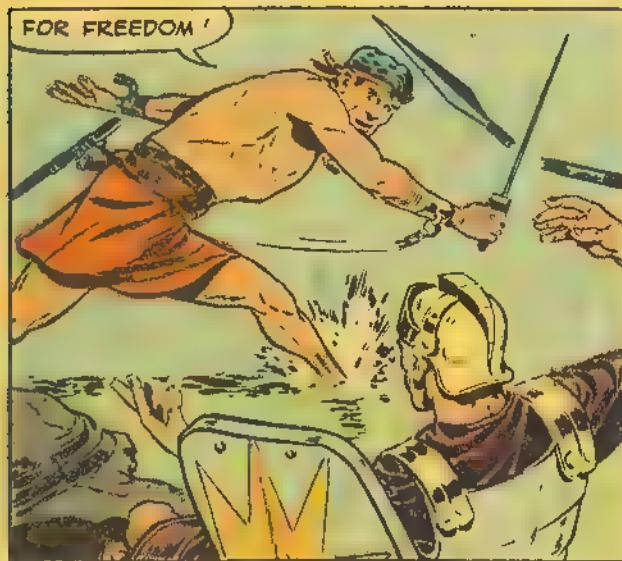
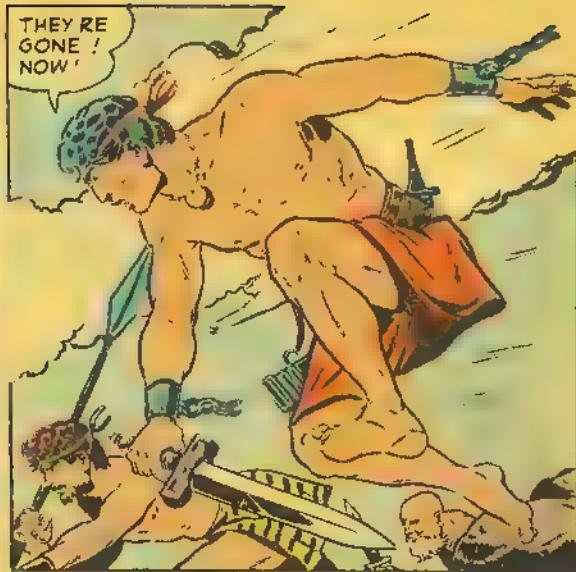


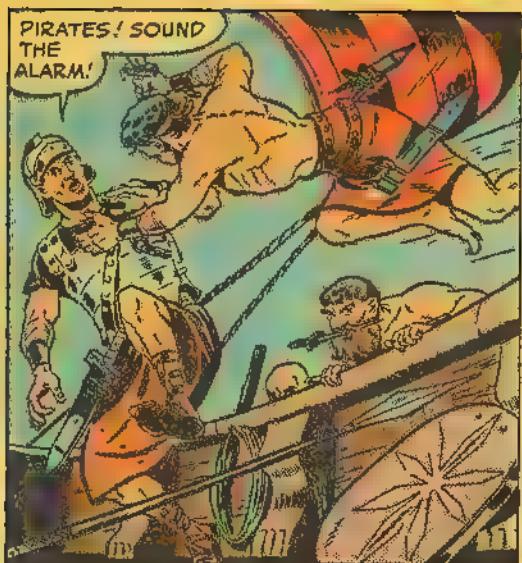
NIGHT AND DAY THE LOOKOUTS SCANNED THE SEA,
BUT AS THE WEARY WEEKS CRAWLED BY, NOTHING
MARRED ITS GLASSY SHEEN...



MANY TIMES, ALPHA HAD REHEARSED HIS PLAN OF
BATTLE. NOW THINGS MOVED SWIFTLY, SMOOTHLY!

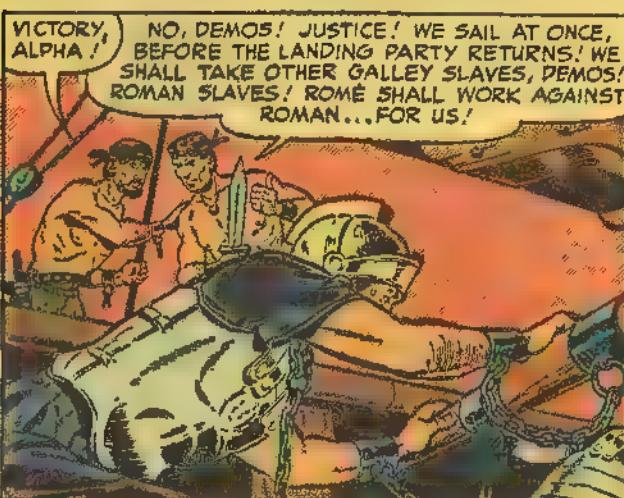






THIS WAS THE HEART OF ALPHA'S PLAN. IT WAS THE WORK OF BUT A MOMENT TO FREE THE SLAVES CHAINED LIKE BEASTS IN THE GALLEY'S HOLD!

SO DIED ALPHA THE GALLEY SLAVE! IN HIS PLACE WAS BORN ALPHA...THE PIRATE! A MIGHTY GALLEY SWEEPED OUT TO SEA...

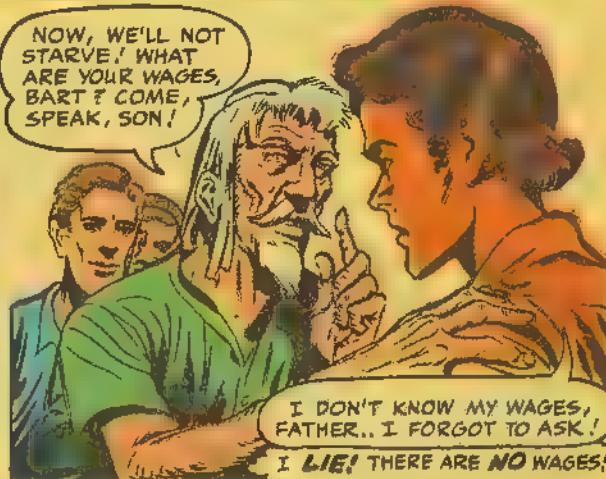
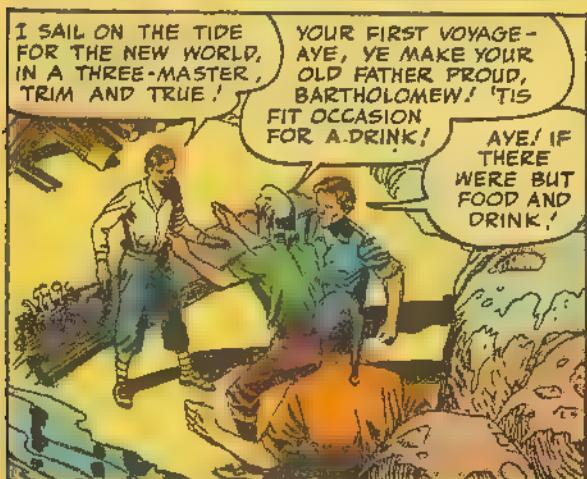
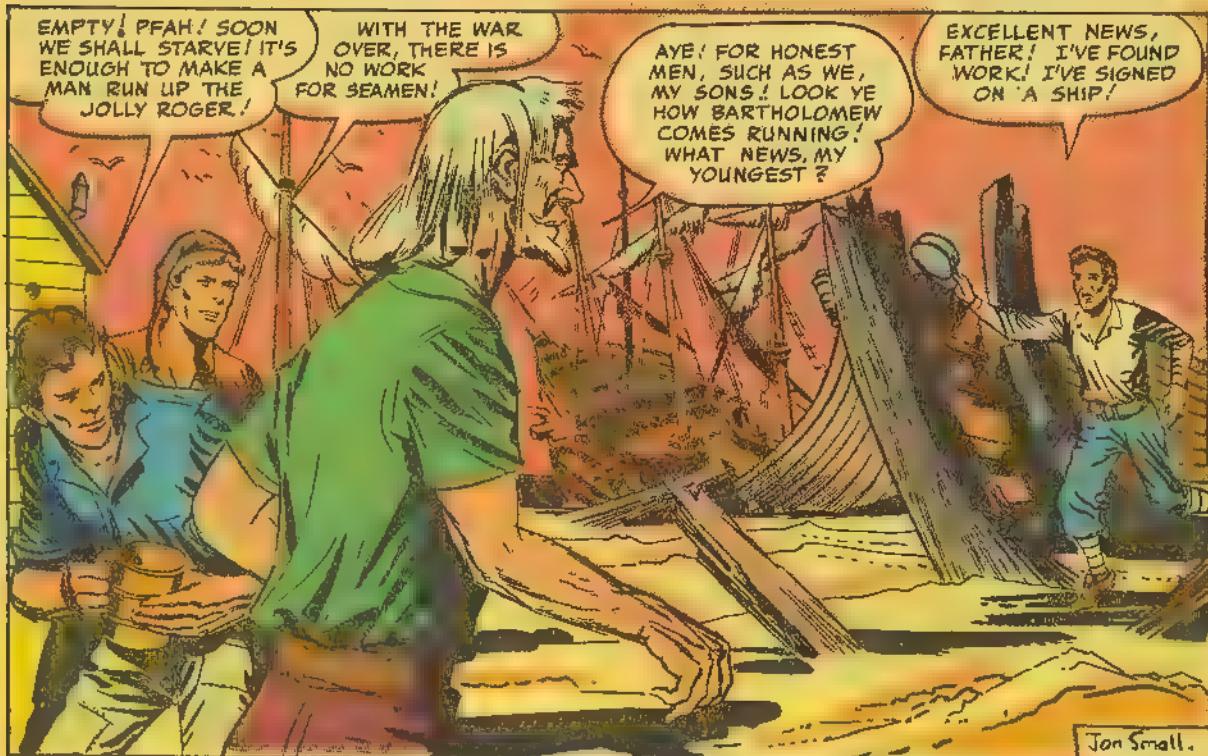


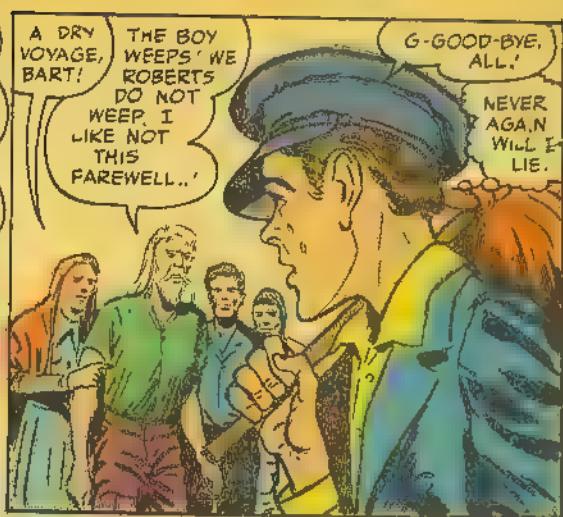
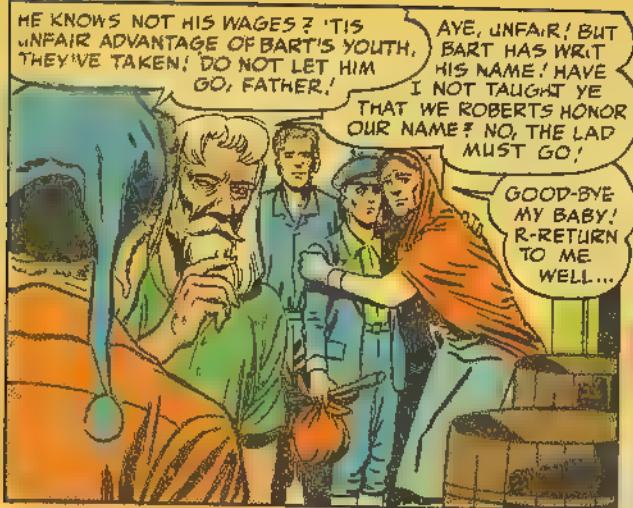
...AND AT HER MAINMAST, FLUTTERED THE GOLDEN EAGLE, SYMBOL OF ROME'S MIGHT, WHICH WAS TO BECOME, INSTEAD, THE SYMBOL OF THE SCOURGE OF THE SEA!

CAPTAIN ROBERTS BOY PIRATE

Based on a True Story

THE PIRATES CALLED CAPTAIN BARTHolemew ROBERTS A 'SEA ARTIST'.. BECAUSE HE WAS AN EXPERT NAVIGATOR WHO KNEW THE OCEANS OF THE WORLD JUST AS THOUGH THEY WERE HIS OWN BACK YARD... HE WAS AN ARTIST AT PLAYING CAT-AND-MOUSE, AND HE MADE HIS OWN RULES FOR PIRACY. WE NOW SEE HIM AS A YOUNG MAN... WITH GOOD NEWS, HE EXCITEDLY APPROACHES HIS AGED FATHER AND BROTHERS, WHO ARE GOOD SEA-FARING PEOPLE, BUT SUFFERING POVERTY AT A WAR'S END...



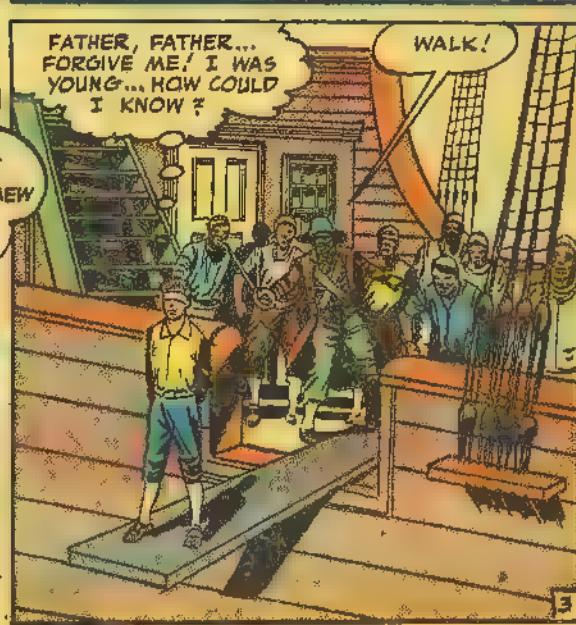
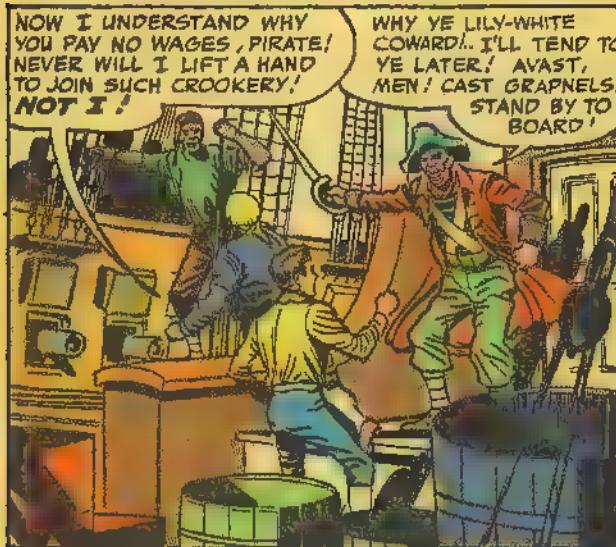
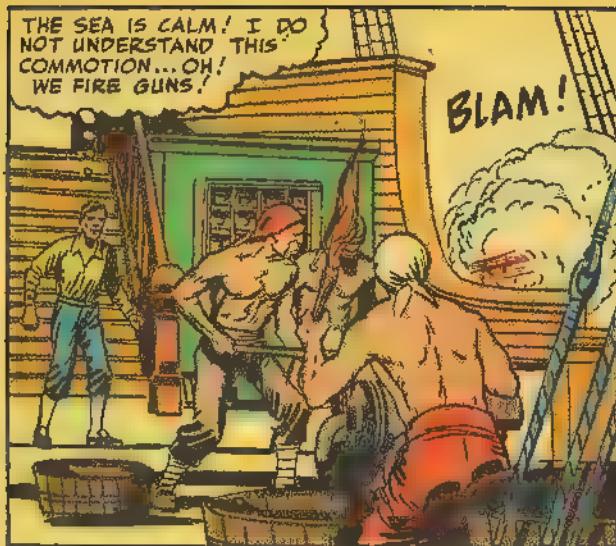


HIGH ON THE TIDE...

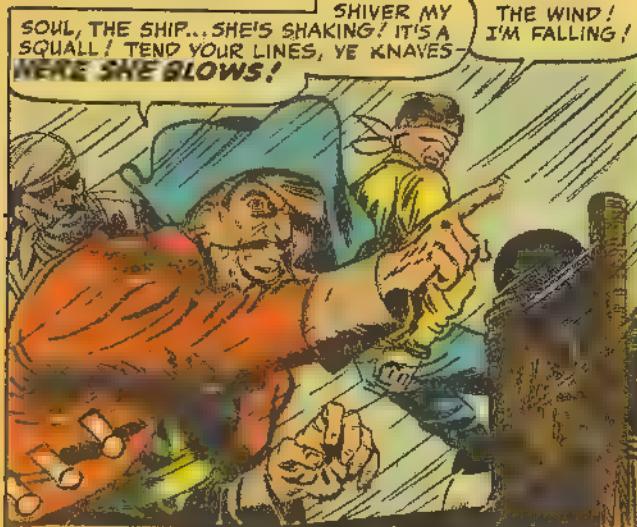


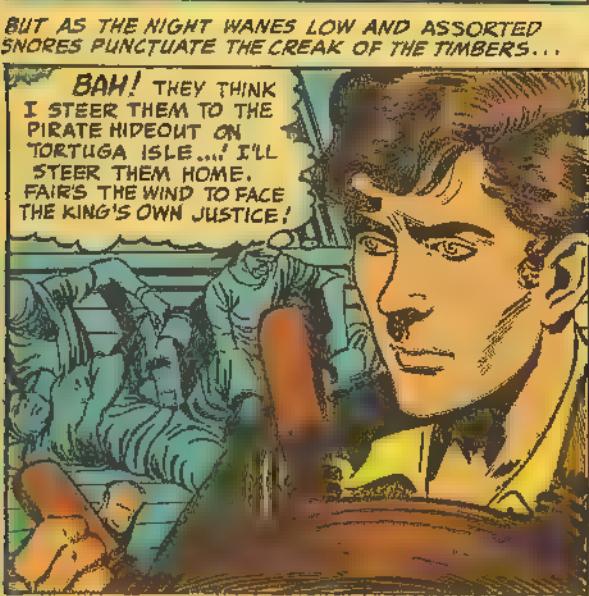
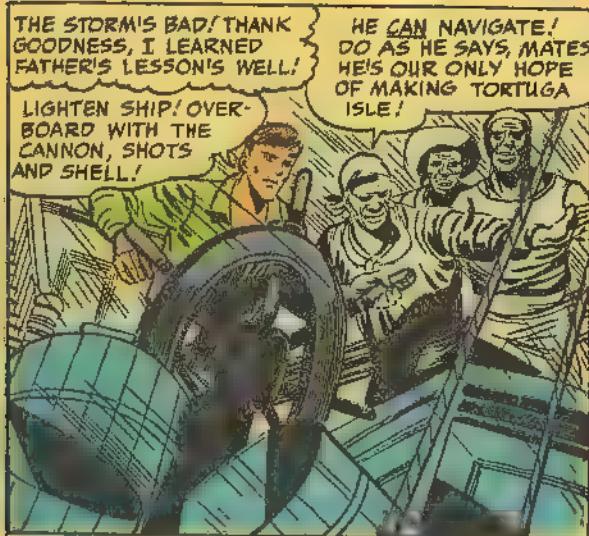
IS IT BECAUSE NONE KNOWS
OUR CARGO OR WHERE WE SAIL
-AND NONE DARE ASK? WHY CAN
I NOT SHAKE THIS TERRIBLE
FEELING, AS IF I SOON MEET
MY DOOM?





THEN, AS THE YOUNG MAN BLINDLY BEGS FORGIVENESS...
MYSTERIOUSLY SUDDEN...!





AND SWIFTLY HOME YOUNG ROBERTS DID FLEE, BUT...

SON! FORTUNE BE PRAISED, BUT IS IT NOT TOO SOON? WHY DO YOU STARE BEHIND?

WELCOME, BARTHOLOMEW! BUT IS IT NOT TOO SOON? WHY DO YOU STARE BEHIND?

HIDE? SINCE WHEN DOES A ROBERTS HIDE? SOMEONE KNOCKS, WE HAVE NOTHING TO CONCEAL!

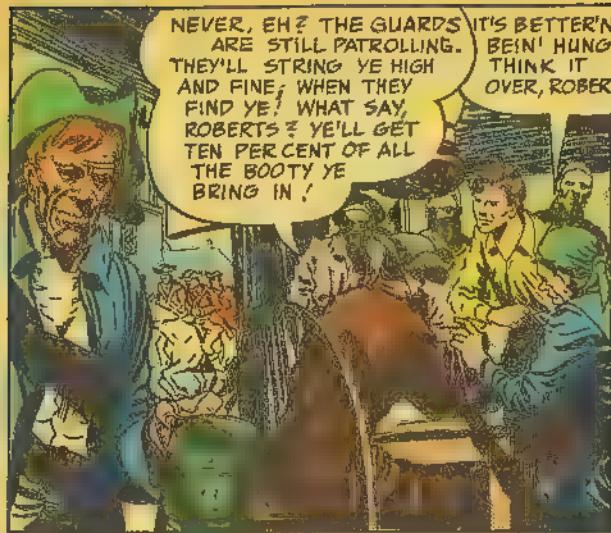
STEP ASIDE!

FATHER, PLEASE DO NOT LET THEM IN! YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO CONCEAL!

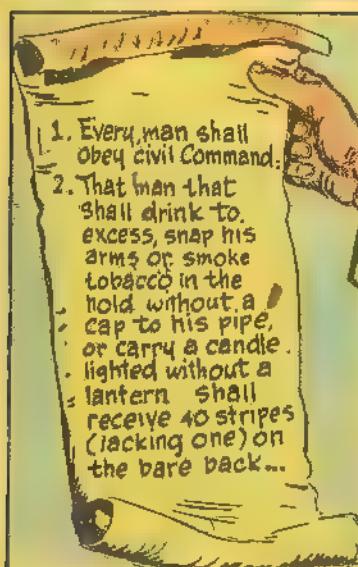
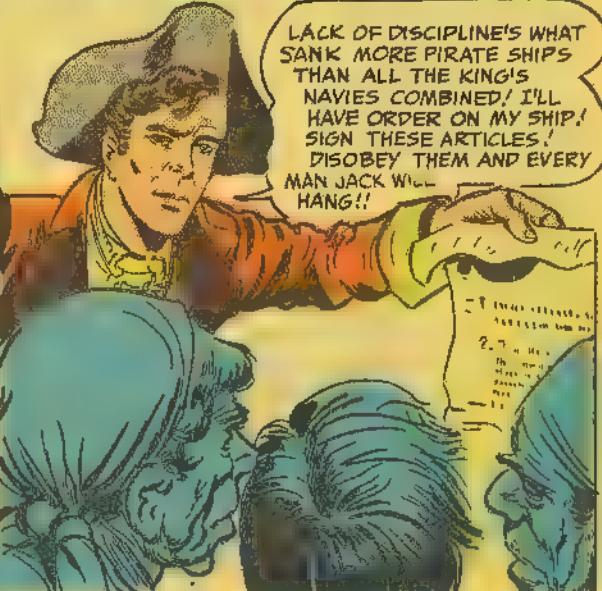
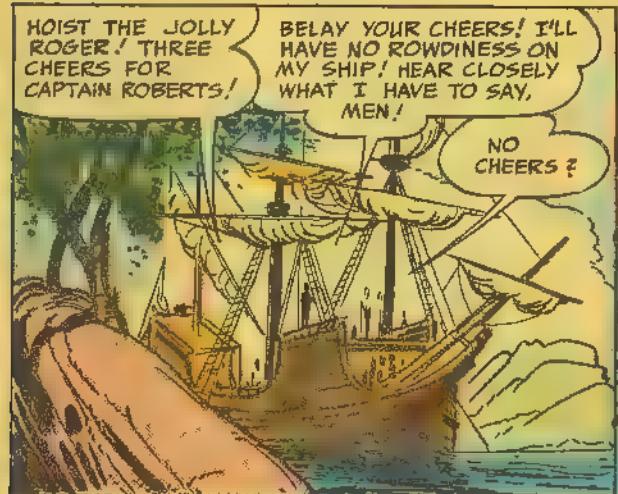
HORSES! THE GUARD COMES!

QUICK! INSIDE! HIDE ME!

KNOCK!



MOST WHO BECAME PIRATES SUCCUMBED TO WILD, UNTAMED LIVING! BUT WHEN YOUNG BART ROBERTS WAS FORCED TO RAISE THE BLACK ROBBER FLAG, IT WAS TO BE WITH A DIFFERENT METHOD!



OFF HISPANIOLA ...

ADMIRAL CORTILLO! SO? ONLY ONE? WE ARE **FIVE** AGAINST ONE! HA, HA! WE MAKE QUEEK WORK ON HEEM! FIRE!!

BUT THE SPANISH ADMIRAL HAD NOT RECKONED WITH PIRATE CAPTAIN ROBERTS' WILY MANEUVER!!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN THIS! HE CROSSES SO ONLY WE CAN FIRE! YAAA! WE ARE HEET!!

STEADY, AS SHE GOES! SITTING DUCKS, WE'LL PICK 'EM OFF ONE AT A TIME!

TWO LISTING... THREE MORE TO GO! FIRE FULL BROADSIDE! MAKE READY TO BOARD!

MERCY... SPARE US! YEEE!

YELP, YOU MANGY CURS! CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS TELLS YOU THERE'LL BE NO MERCY. FORWARD!

SO, ADMIRAL? FIVE AGAINST ONE AND YOU LOSE. AND **NOW** YOU LOSE AGAIN... YOUR LIFE!

AHHHH!

THE BATTLE OVER...

MEN.. NO CAROUSING! I'LL HAVE DISCIPLINE! IS DAMAGE REPAIRED, ALL GEAR IN ITS PROPER PLACE? ONLY THEN, WILL WE DIVIDE THIS LOOT!! BACK TO YOUR WORK! **DISCIPLINE!**

REMEMBER, AYE! CAPTAINS HOP TO IT, LADS!

THIS BEGAN A CAREER THAT WAS TO TERRORIZE THE SEVEN SEAS. DUE TO HIS SEA ARTISTRY AND IRON DISCIPLINE, CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS WAS TO SINK FOUR-HUNDRED SHIPS AND EARN THE TITLE OF MOST NOTORIOUS PIRATE OF THEM ALL.

Long Ben Avery

LONG Ben Avery drummed his nails impatiently on the rail of the schooner "Charles" and stared out at the vague bulk that outlined the vessel "James." Where were his men? Had anything happened? He was uneasy. His plans had been laid with care; in a few hours he should be master of the Charles, but, he reflected, men about to desert their ship to become pirates might suddenly find many reasons to change their minds.

In this year of 1695, the flourishing might of Spain on the high seas was rapidly dwindling and in a last gasping effort to preserve her trade monopolies, Spain had become more and more dependent on ships leased from English shipbuilders. Of many procured that way, the James and the Charles were two. They had sailed into Coruna many months before, but somehow no orders awaited them, nor did their wages long continue. To Long Ben, who sought fortune the easiest manner possible, this was a chance long sought. Seizing on the malcontent of the men, he joined them in the taverns ashore, grumbling with them, and condemning the treachery of the Spanish. In the end he had convinced about forty of them that it was only their due to sail forth and take for themselves the wages owed them.

Now he waited, for this was

the night agreed upon for the dissidents from the James to join him. Captain Gibson of the Charles was in a drugged stupor in his cabin. A good third of the crew was ashore, only those who had turned traitor remained aboard. Now, if only those men from the James would come!

A scraping came suddenly from the side of the ship and a voice called softly up: "Ahoy, throw us a ladder!"

Long Ben could not control his elation. He tossed over a knotted rope and in a few minutes a body of men had swarmed silently aboard. As silently they raised the anchor and brought up the sails. Shortly the Charles became a shadow, whispering gently out through the harbor mouth.

Captain Gibson awoke in the morning with the realization that his ship was under way. Dumbfounded, he roared out on deck and confronted his quartermaster, Long Ben.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who gave orders to sail?"

"I did!" said Long Ben. "I have taken over your command. The men are with me. There's a fortune to be made on the India Trade route and we intend to make it. Join up and I'll make you my quartermaster. If not, there's a small boat to row ashore in."

The Captain was a good and

righteous man. He took the small boat.



The Charles sailed on and Long Ben had her re-christened the "Fancy." He made for Madagascar, the pirate port of the world where the rich trade of the East Indies and the Asiatic had to pass by. Here the Death's Head Flag was ruler, the filibuster found haven, and here Adam Baldridge had founded a settlement whose sole purpose was to satisfy the necessities of the spoilers of the high seas, in return for which they gave him all their booty to be disposed of in far away New York.

Here Avery put in and provisioned his ship. Then he cruised idly around the Cormoro Islands, taking just enough plunder to keep his men in good spirits. He was waiting for the Mocha Fleet. These were the vessels that yearly carried the pilgrims to Jeddah, the port to Mecca. They always carried rich cargo, and nabobs and rajahs with fabulous wealth in jewels and gold. Just one of their number would be enough to keep him and his men in splendor for life.

There were others about with similar ideas: two sloops, the "Portsmouth" and the "Pearl," and with commendable foresight, Long Ben fell in with them and

persuaded their captains to give him full command.

★ ★ ★

For weeks they lay on the coast of Perim, straining their eyes on the horizon. One sail finally showed, a small trader that Long Ben seized and from whom he learned, to his discomfiture, that the Mocha Fleet had slipped by them during the night. It was to be a chase, and the squadron set out, masts straining under heavy canvas with each pirate anxious to come upon the fleet first and grab the choicest prize.

The Fancy led the way. In Madagascar, Long Ben had caused her upper deck to be removed which made her right light and increased her speed. Close behind came the Pearl. Three days put them onto a straggler, a small East Indian who lay to at once on getting a shot over the bow. Long Ben boarded her and took off a fortune in gold and silver, sixty thousand pounds of it. This was more like it! The men cheered and piled canvas onto the Fancy with recklessness in order to overtake the rest of the Mocha Fleet. Meanwhile, the Pearl had come up and with her there appeared on the horizon a sail of such proportions it might have belonged to a ship of the battle-line. Should they risk an attack?

Yes, decided Long Ben, and with the Pearl on his beam, he swept up to make assault on either side. It was an Indian Merchantman all right, but the size of it astonished the pirates, and the fight she put up was a stiff one. Only after shot from both sides had for several hours

poured into the vessel did she hoist the surrender flag. The pirates rowed over. On her stern they made out the Arabic inscription, Ganj-i-sawai, the largest ship in Indian service and the personal property of the Great Mogul! Undoubtedly the richest prize ever taken by a buccaneer to that date.

★ ★ ★

The pirate crew got out of control. They stormed the vessel with wild shouts. Chests of gold and silver were dragged up from the holds. Richly dressed nabobs were shorn of their magnificent silk garments and jewel-decked slippers.

Long Ben shrewdly let them have their way. And later he let them fight over the division of the spoils. For each man knifed or thrown overboard there was a greater share for himself. He augmented this with clever dealing in the gems taken, pointing out to his men that it was easier to apportion gold than jewels of doubtful value. In the end he had in his pockets the greater share of the precious stones.

He did not return to Madagascar; why, thought Long Ben, should he provide Baldridge with a long profit? No. These stones he now wore in safety around his waist were the passport to his dreams.

The Fancy put in at New Providence, the men scattered and Long Ben lived high as befit a man of wealth. Then, with his ready money low, he sailed for North America.

★ ★ ★

In Boston, late that year, there appeared a tall and lanky man dressed in the finery of a gentleman, but with the rolling gait of a sailor. He had once been known as Long Ben Avery, but here, to the silversmith to whom he cautiously presented himself, he was Mr. Bridgeman. He had some diamonds to sell.

The silversmith looked at them casually and tossed them back. "Can't use 'em. There's no money in the New World for such display, lacking as we are the more simple things that keeps a man warm and well-fed."

Mr. Bridgeman turned away. It was a familiar story. No one would pay a farthing for his gems. A good ship's rope, a bag of sugar or tea, was worth more. But he made the rounds of the merchants until his finery frayed and his boots ran over at the heels.

Mr. Bridgeman decided to return to his native land, though the risk there might be great.

★ ★ ★

England was buzzing in that year of 1696 with the stories of Long Ben Avery, the man who had captured the Great Mogul's own private ship. The capricious fancy of the people had been caught and legends of his pirate deeds swelled. Here was romance! A fortune gained in one daring blow!

It was the topic everywhere, and the seedy derelict who threw down his last copper for a pint of stout in a waterfront tavern paused to listen to the roisterers next to him.

"E's a great one, Long Ben," said one fellow. "Got gold and jools in 'caps and live like a king on some island blessed knows where. Oo says as 'ow crime don't p'y?"

"I might," thought the derelict wryly. He finished his stout and went outside. There he took from beneath his grimy shirt a small lumpy bag and fingered its contents. Even in England he'd had no luck. The one jeweler to whom he'd entrusted a few gems for private sale had kept them and threatened to call the town guard.

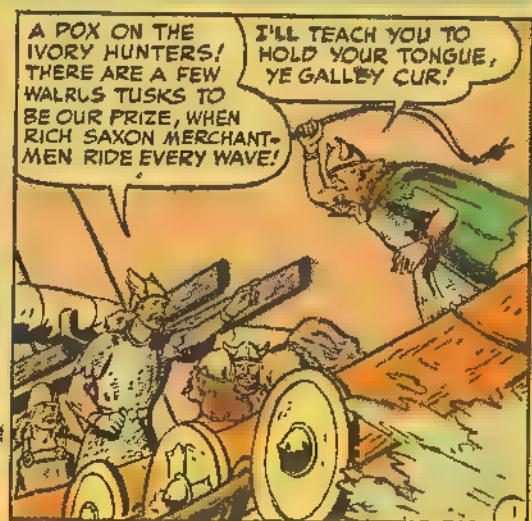
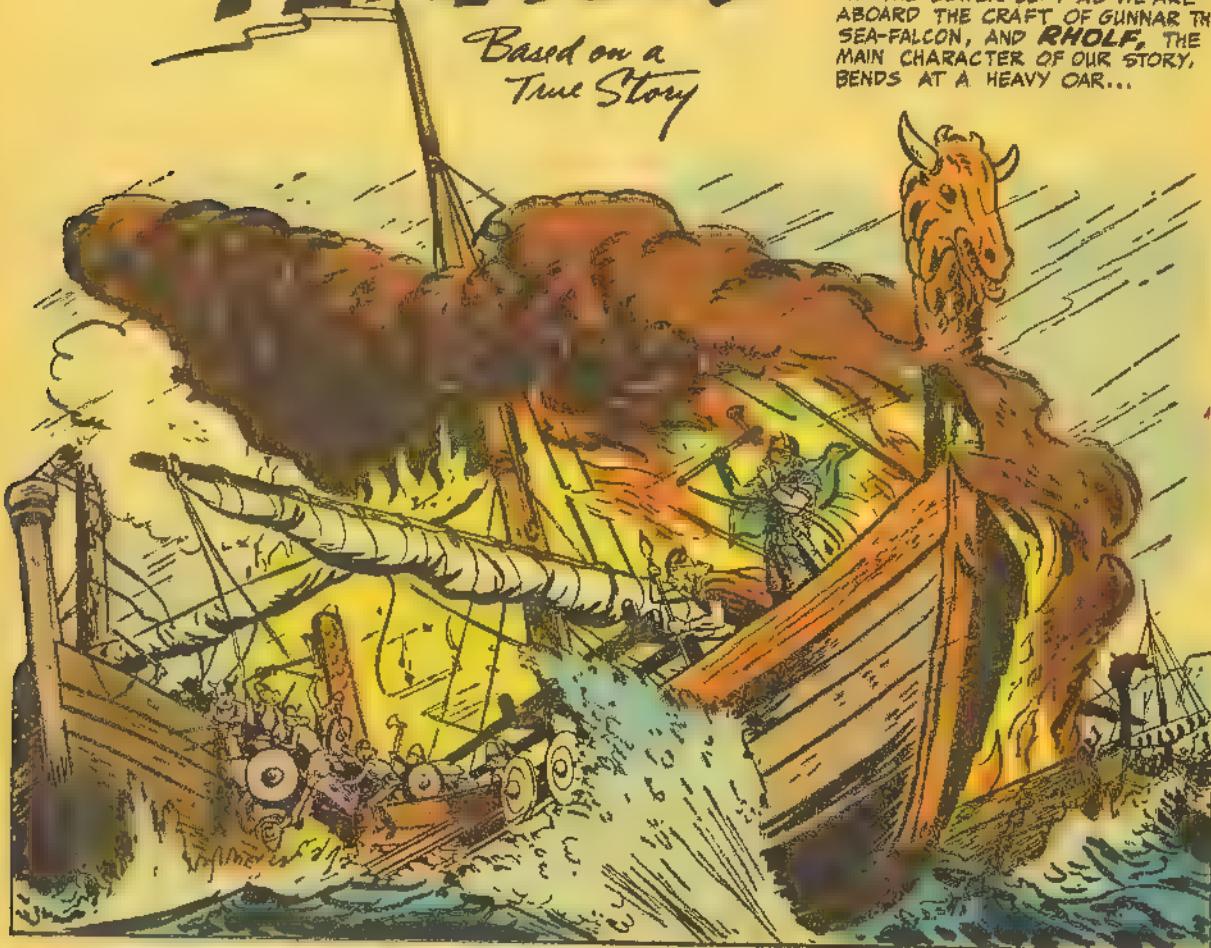
With a sweep of his arm he threw the bag into the water. By the time the King's men had located and arrested him, Long Ben Avery no longer cared.

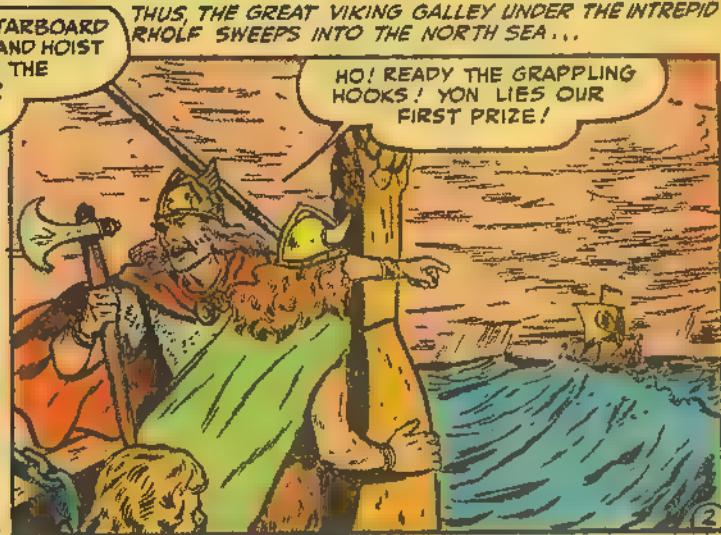
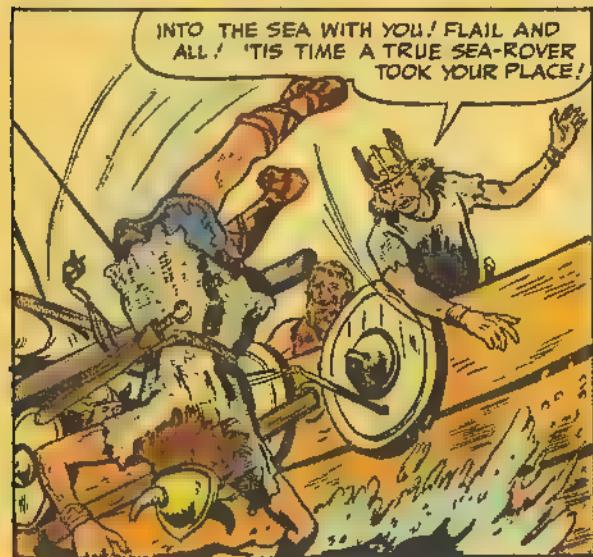
The End

The VIKING TERROR

Based on a
True Story

THE SEA NEVER SAW BOLDER NOR BRAVER WARRIOR THAN THE HARDY VIKINGS... THE STORIES OF THEIR HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES AS THEY PROWLED THE SEAS IN TINY CRAFT HAS SELDOM BEEN EQUALLED... TYPICAL OF THEIR EXISTENCE WAS THE SEA BATTLE THAT WE PICTURE BELOW... BUT OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE LOWER LEFT AS WE ARE ABOARD THE CRAFT OF GUNNAR THE SEA-FALCON, AND **RHOLF**, THE MAIN CHARACTER OF OUR STORY, BENDS AT A HEAVY OAR...





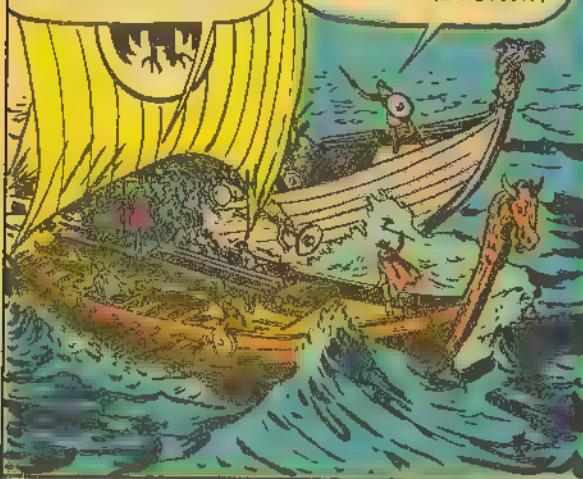
SUBMIT, SAXONS,
OR SEEK YOUR
MERCY IN THE SEA!

VIKINGS! THE
CURSED PIRATES
FROM THE NORTH!

BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE TERRIBLE VIKING
PIRATES, SAXON RESISTANCE CEASED...

BREAK OPEN THE HOLDS
AND SEIZE THE TREASURE!

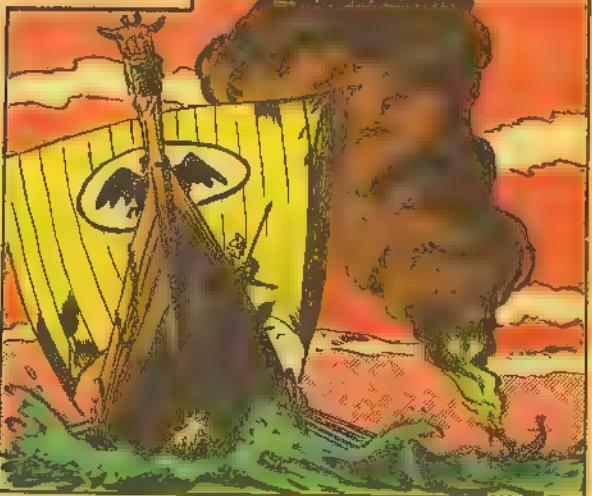
QUARTER!
QUARTER!



FASTER THERE! STOW THE
TREASURE ABOARD THE
GALLEY AND LASH IT
SECURE! THIS IS
BUT OUR FIRST PRIZE!

AYE, RHOFL! HO!
THIS BOOTY ALONE
IS WORTH A
HUNDRED IVORY
RAIDS!

FOR YEARS RHOFL AND HIS VIKING PIRATES ROVED
THE NORTH SEA LEAVING A SWATH OF HORROR AND
DESTRUCTION...



AT THE VERY MENTION OF RHOFL, SAXON SAILORS
HUG THE HEARTH IN EVERY COVE ALONG THE COAST
OF ENGLAND...

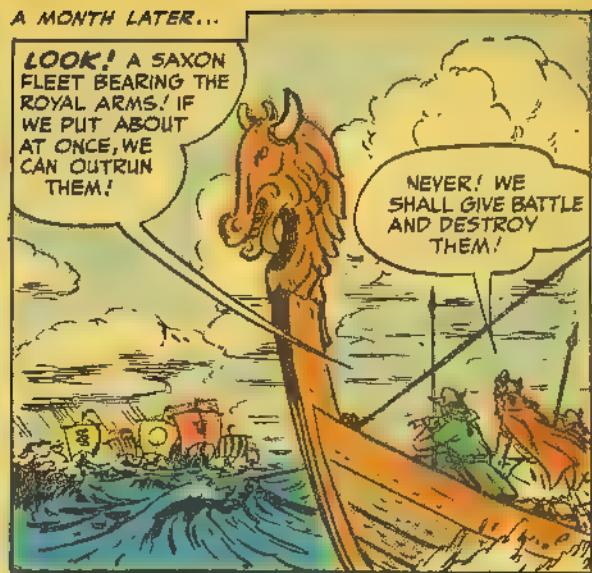
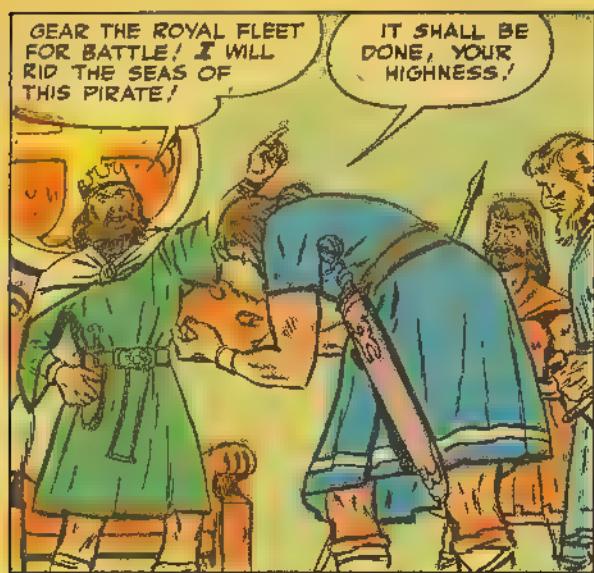


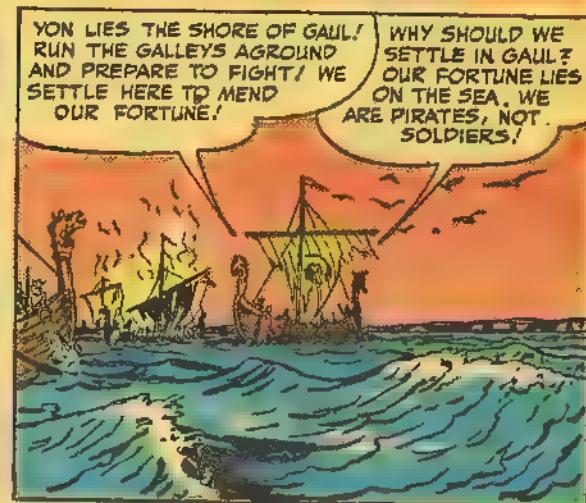
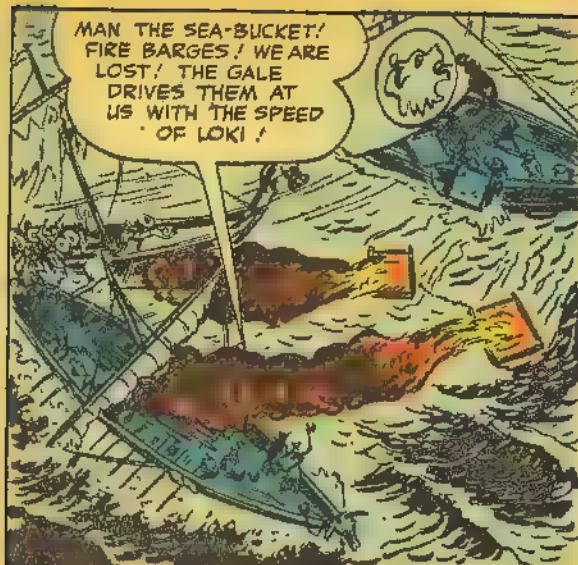
WHILE IN HIS CASTLE, KING ALFRED OF ENGLAND
HEARS MORE AND MORE OF RHOFL AND HIS VIKING
PIRATES...

...AND IT WAS
RHOFL, THE VIKING
PIRATE, YOUR
MAJESTY!

ENOUGH! I HAVE PUT A
THOUSAND GOLD COINS
ON HIS HEAD AND IT HAS
BROUGHT NAUGHT. THE TIME
HAS COME FOR ACTION!







THUS VOWED RHOFL... HURLING HIS GREAT OATH FROM THE DEPTHS OF DISASTER INTO THE TEETH OF FATE...



A SMALL ARMY WAITS ASHORE AS RHOFL AND HIS VIKING PIRATES CHARGE FORWARD...







LATER... AT THE ROYAL COURT OF
KING CHARLES, THE SIMPLE OF
FRANCE...

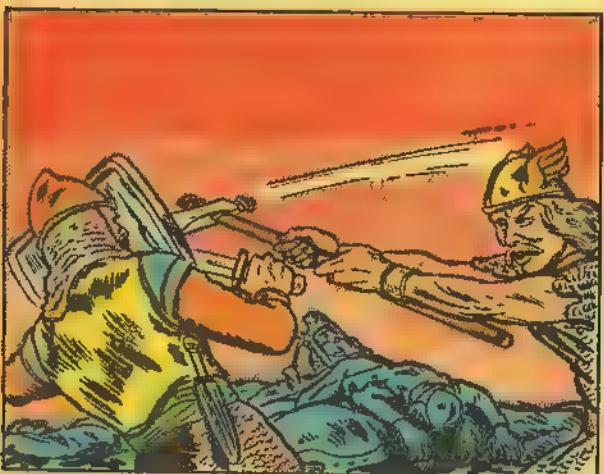


A FEW DAYS LATER IN THE VIKING-HELD CASTLE...

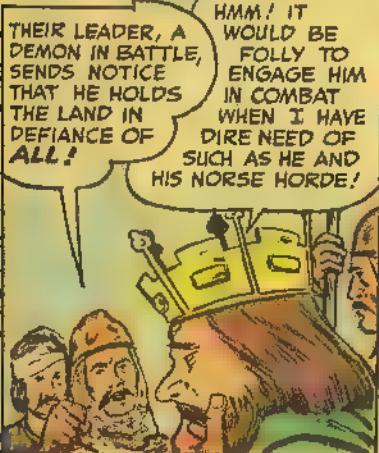




UNDER THE VIOLENT IMPACT OF RHOLF AND HIS WILD, WAR-LOVING VIKINGS, THE FLOWER OF KING CHARLES' KNIGHTHOOD GOES TO SEED IN A MIXED JUMBLE OF HORSEFLESH AND GROANS...



LATER... BACK IN THE PRESENCE OF KING CHARLES, THE AWESOME PROWESS OF THE NORSEMEN IS RELATED WITH MANY A BRUISE AS WITNESS...



BEAR THIS RING AS MY GIFT TO RHOLF. TELL HIM IF HE SERVES ME, HE MAY HAVE AS A PRESENT FROM ME, THE LAND HE HOLDS AND MORE. HE SHALL HOLD TITLE OF DUKE OF NORMANDY. AND **STILL MORE...**



IN THE MEETING THAT FOLLOWED, RHOLF WAS BLUNT AND TO THE POINT.

BEFORE I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER, TELL ME WHAT YOU MEAN BY "STILL MORE!" A FAIR QUESTION! THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER, GRISELA... IN MARRIAGE!



THUS THE NORSEMEN BECAME NORMANS AND RHOLF,
THE DUKE OF NORMANDY.

A TOAST TO YOUR
BETROTHAL... MAY
THE GLORY OF NORMANDY
GROW WITH TIME!

AYE, AT THE
EXPENSE OF SAXONS!

SOON AFTER... IN RHOLF'S CASTLE IN NORMANDY...

... AND DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN
AS YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED WIFE?
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD...

I DO!



AS THE YEARS PASSED ONLY ONE THING
RANKLED IN THE HEART OF RHOLF...
HE HAD NOT FULFILLED HIS
VOW OF VENGEANCE AGAINST
ENGLAND...

RHOLF, WE
SHOULD GO BACK TO SEA
AND LIVE AS VIKINGS SHOULD
...ON PIRATE PLUNDER! YOU
HAVE BECOME SOFT WITH
EASY LIVING...

SOFT, EH? I WHO HAVE
POWER OF A KINGDOM
THROUGH PIRACY... BEGONE,
FOOL, ELSE I'LL HAVE
YOUR HEAD...



YEARS LATER... ON HIS DEATH-BED,
RHOLF HAD HIS SON SWEAR AN
IDENTICAL OATH TO BE VOWED FROM
GENERATION TO GENERATION UNTIL
ITS FULFILLMENT...

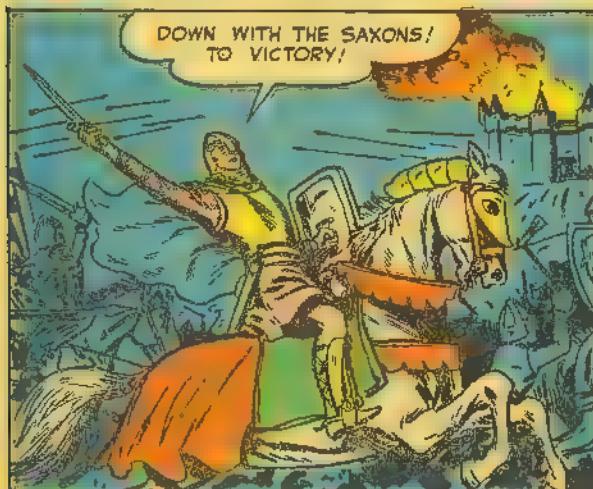
RAISE YOUR RIGHT
HAND AND SWEAR
AFTER ME, MY SON!

AYE, SIRE!
AS YOU WISH
IT.

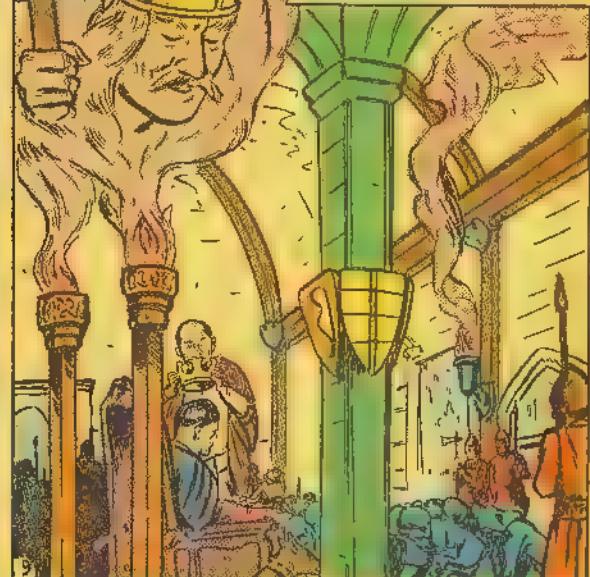


THE OATH WAS FULFILLED 155 YEARS LATER, FOR RHOLF'S
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR LED
THE NORMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND...

DOWN WITH THE SAXONS!
TO VICTORY!



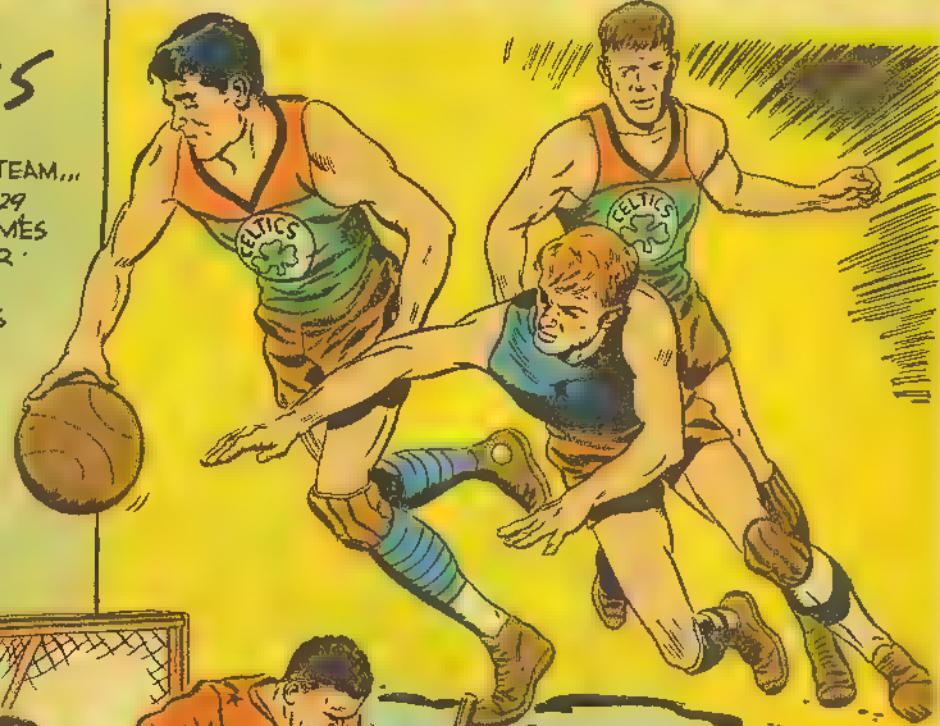
... AND WAS CROWNED KING
WILLIAM I OF ENGLAND.
RHOLF'S BLOOD HAD
INDEED PROVED
MIGHTIER THAN
SAXON FIRE!



ALL-TIME SUPER-TEAMS

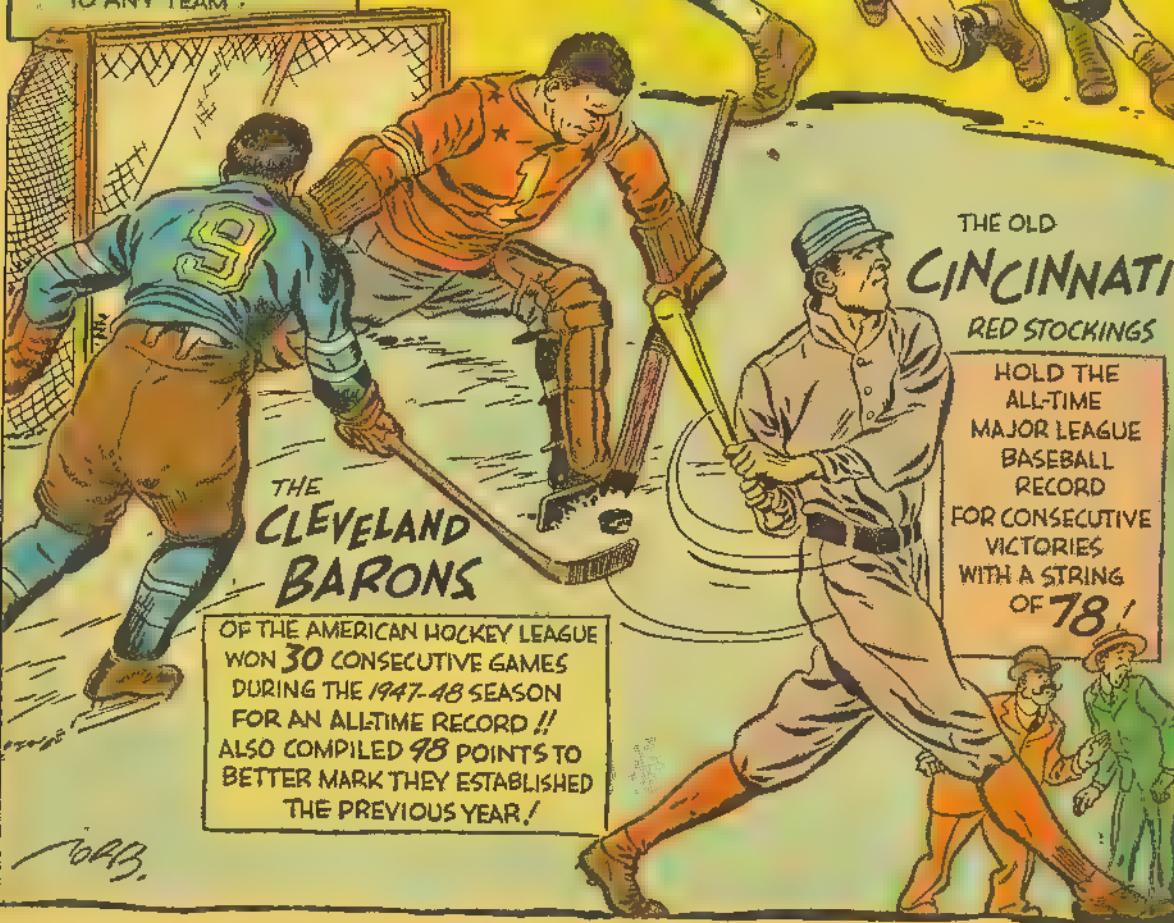
THE ORIGINAL *CELTICS*

GREAT NEW YORK BASKETBALL TEAM... FROM 1921 TO 1929 PLAYED 130 GAMES OR MORE A YEAR AND AVERAGED ONLY 10 LOSSES A SEASON... DURING THIS SPAN, PLAYING AGAINST THE STRONGEST PRO FIVES IN THE COUNTRY, THEY NEVER LOST A SERIES TO ANY TEAM!



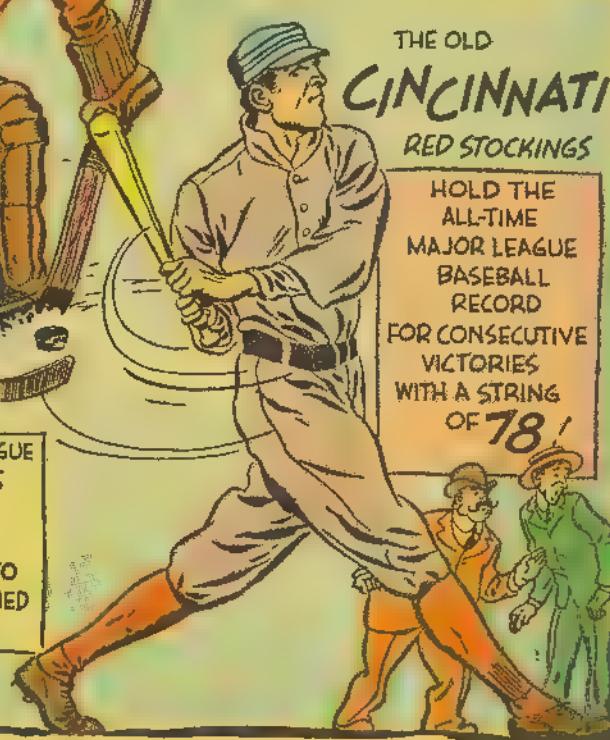
THE *CLEVELAND BARONS*

OF THE AMERICAN HOCKEY LEAGUE WON 30 CONSECUTIVE GAMES DURING THE 1947-48 SEASON FOR AN ALL-TIME RECORD!! ALSO COMPILED 98 POINTS TO BETTER MARK THEY ESTABLISHED THE PREVIOUS YEAR!



THE OLD *CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS*

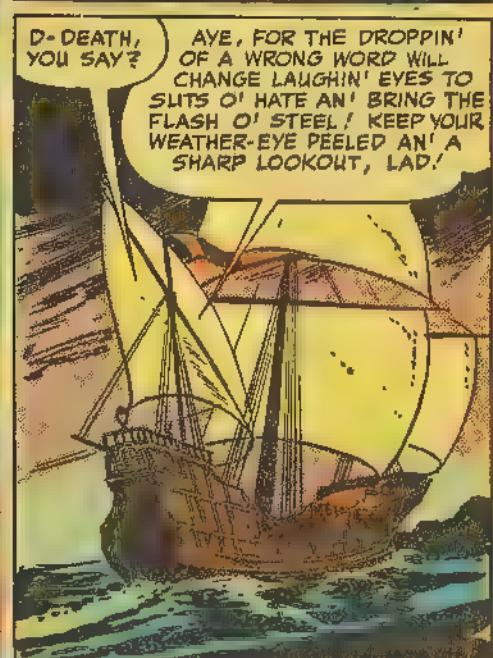
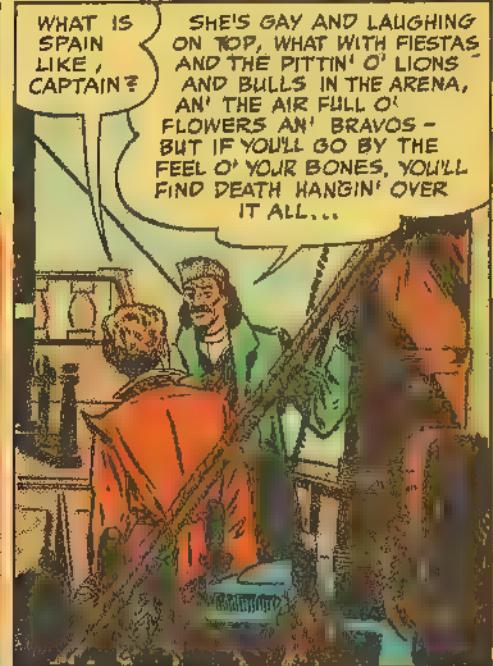
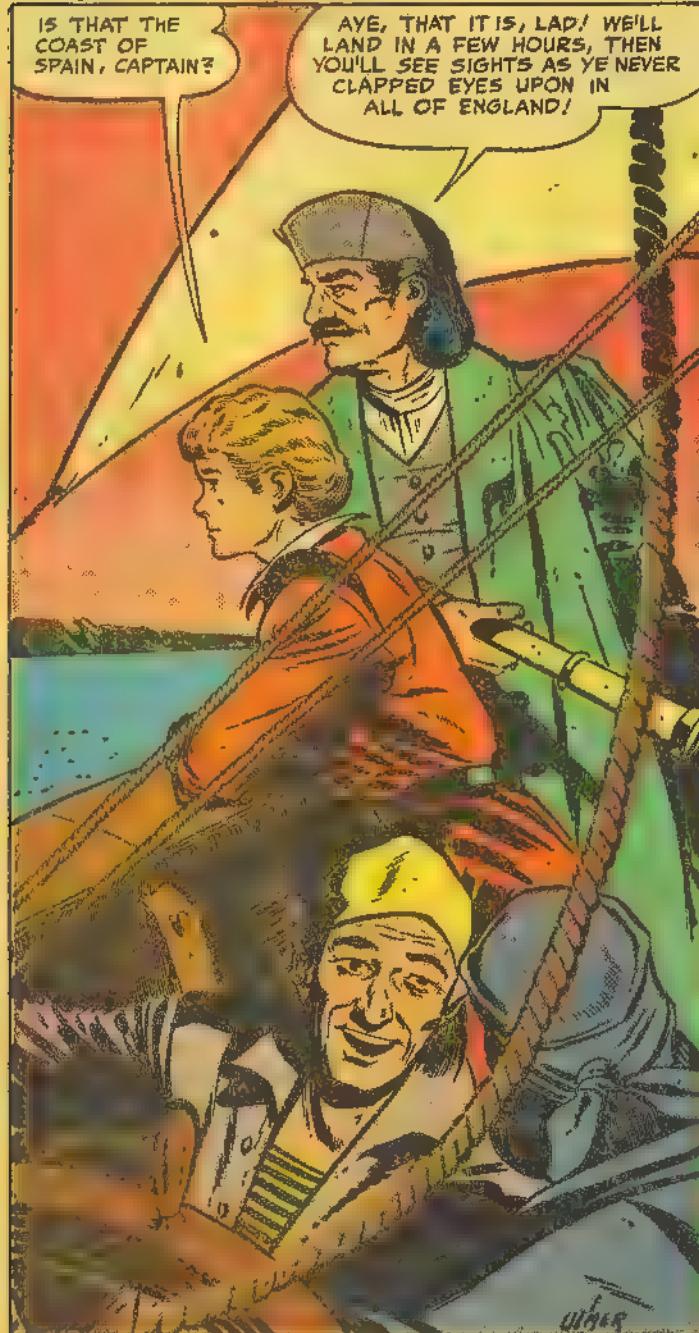
HOLD THE ALL-TIME MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL RECORD FOR CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES WITH A STRING OF 78!



Philip Ashton

BOY PIRATE FIGHTER OF THE OLD WORLD

WE ARE BACK IN THE TIME OF COLUMBUS, AND WE'RE ABOARD AN ENGLISH SHIP THAT NEARS THE SEACOAST OF SPAIN... AT THE RAIL WITH THE CAPTAIN IS 15-YEAR-OLD PHILIP ASHTON WHO IS GOING TO VISIT HIS UNCLE, AN ADVISOR TO THE SPANISH KING, FERDINAND... IT IS A TIME WHEN SEA TRAVEL WAS A PERILOUS ADVENTURE, WITH PIRATE PROWLERS EVERYWHERE...

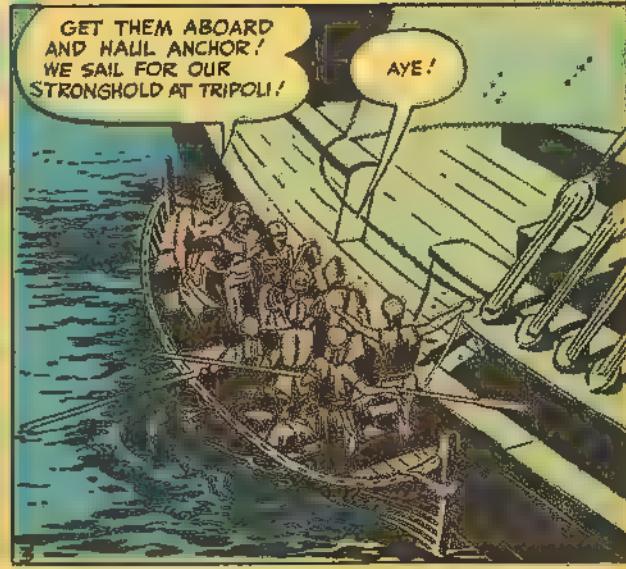
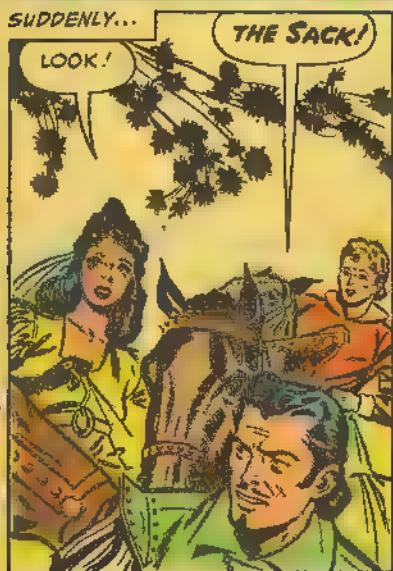


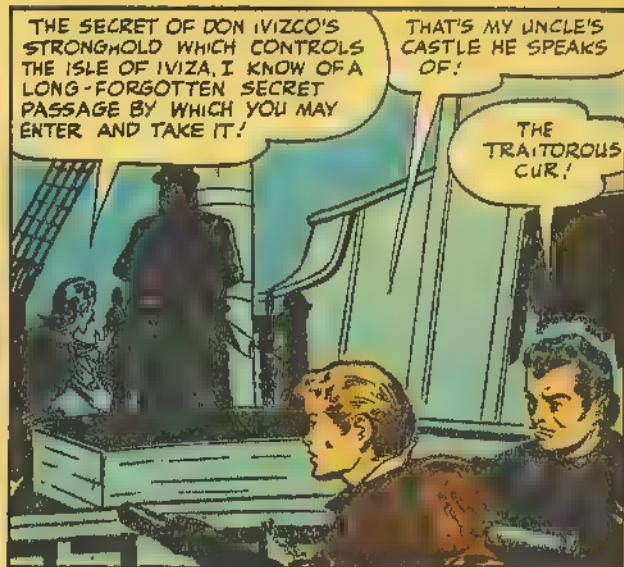
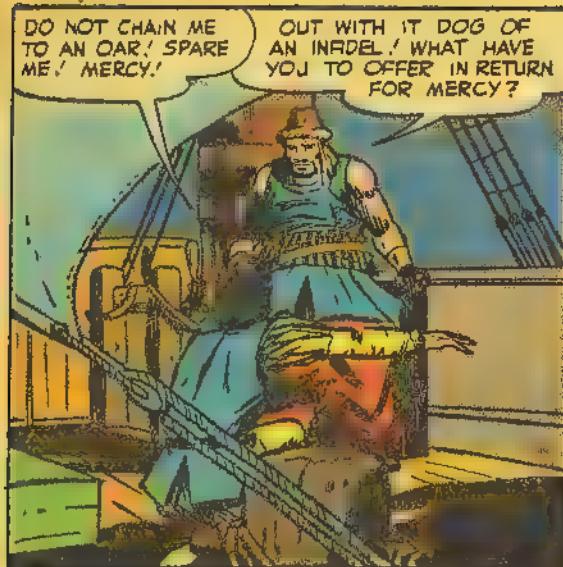
AS THE
GALLEON
DROPPED
ANCHOR, A
MOUNTED
ESCORT
RODE UP
TO THE
GANGPLANK
TO WELCOME
YOUNG PHILIP



AS THE
PARTY
RIDES
ALONG THE
COAST OF
GRANADA
ON THE
JOURNEY
NORTH, DONA
INEZ DROPS
HER RIDING
CROP... AND
FATE BEGINS
TO MOVE
IN HER
INSCRUTABLE
WAY...







LONG HAVE I WANTED TO SACK THIS STRONGHOLD OF DON IVIZCO! WITH THE ISLE OF IVIZA IN MY POWER, I CAN CONTROL THE ENTRANCE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN-LEVYING TRIBUTE FROM ALL THE SHIPS ENTERING IT FROM THE WEST.



OUT WITH YOUR SECRET AND I WILL SPARE YOUR WRETCHED LIFE -- BUT IF THIS IS A TRICK, YOU SHALL SUFFER A THOUSAND DEATHS!



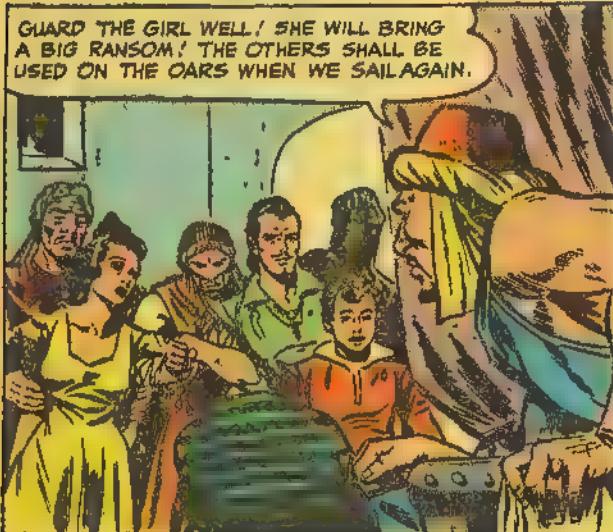
IT IS NO TRICK! BRING ME A SCROLL AND QUILL AND I WILL DRAW YOU A MAP OF THE HIDDEN PASSAGE!

THERE IS THE MAP!

GOOD! I WILL ENLIST CUT-THROATS ENOUGH IN TRIPOLI TO TAKE THE STRONGHOLD AND MAN IT! SET SAIL AND PLY THE OARS! THE SMILE OF KISMET IS UPON US!

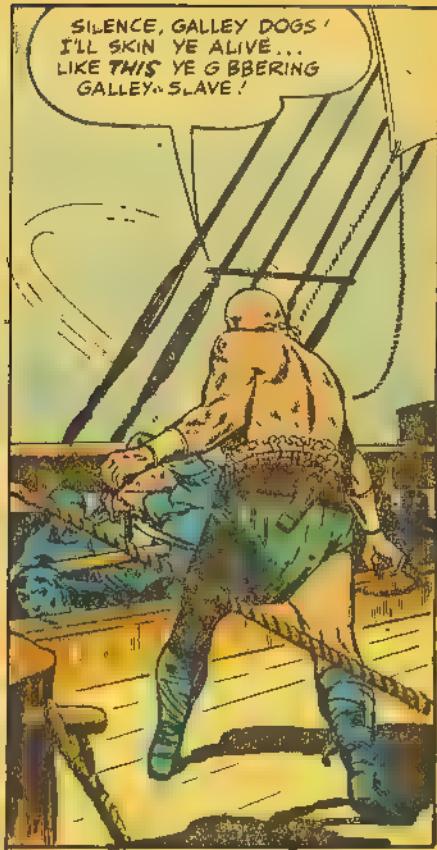
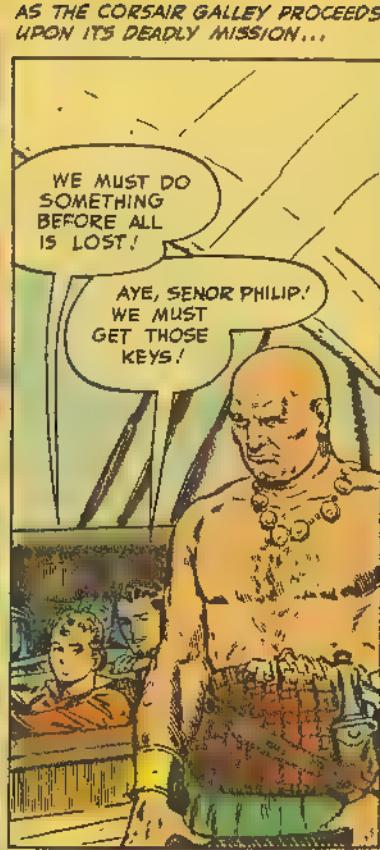


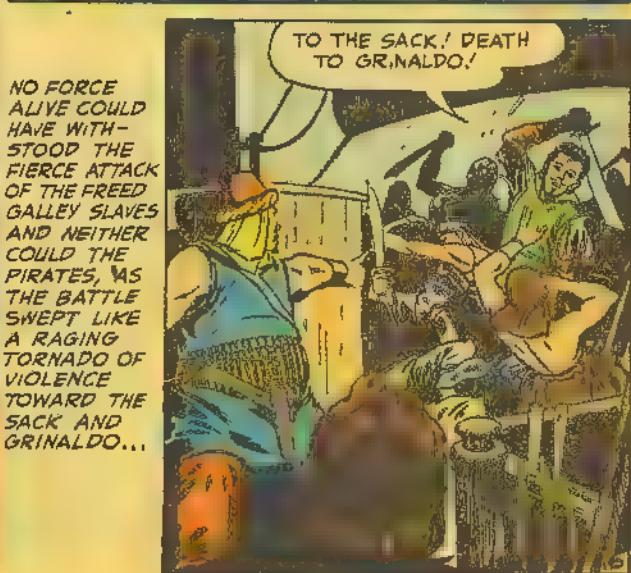
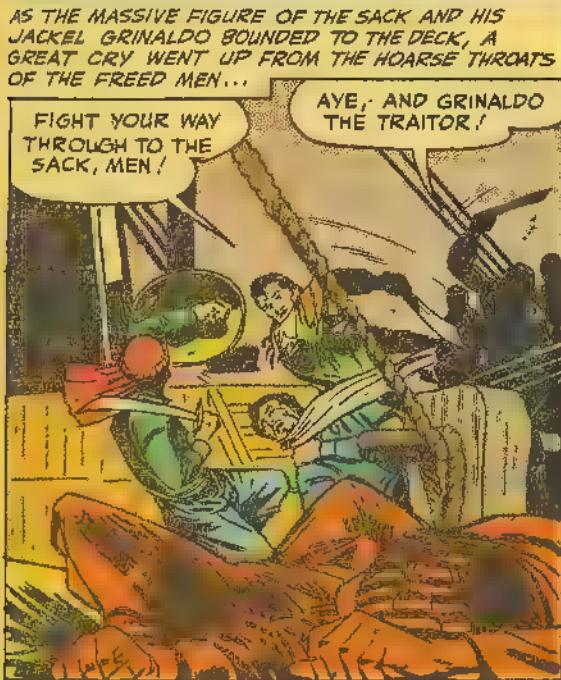
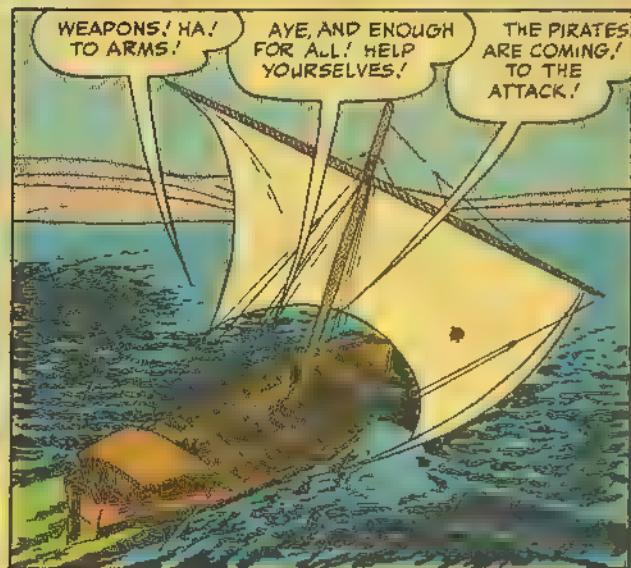
AT HIS PALACE IN PIRATE-INFESTED TRIPOLI...



QUICKLY, ABAD THE RUTHLESS LAID HIS PLANS WITH THE COLD, RUTHLESS PRECISION THAT BEGAT HIS NAME...

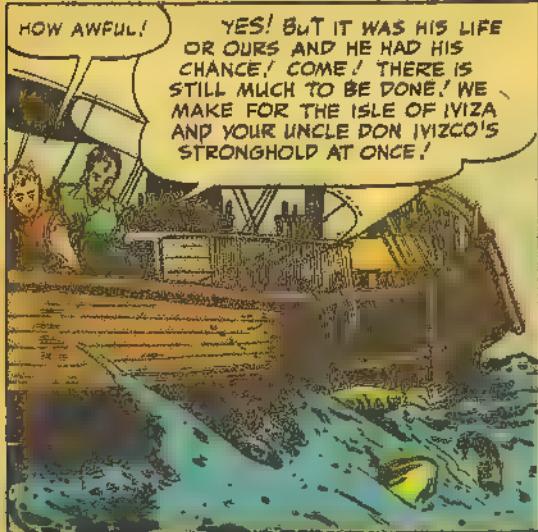




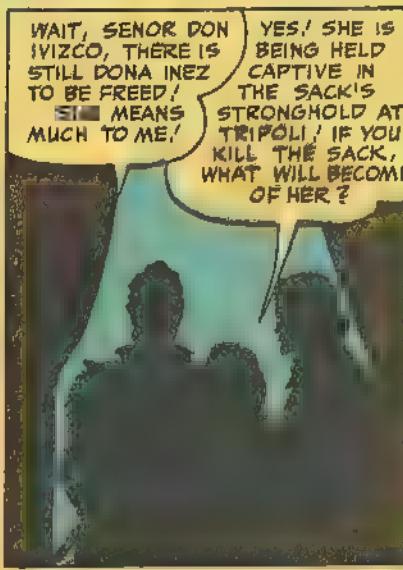
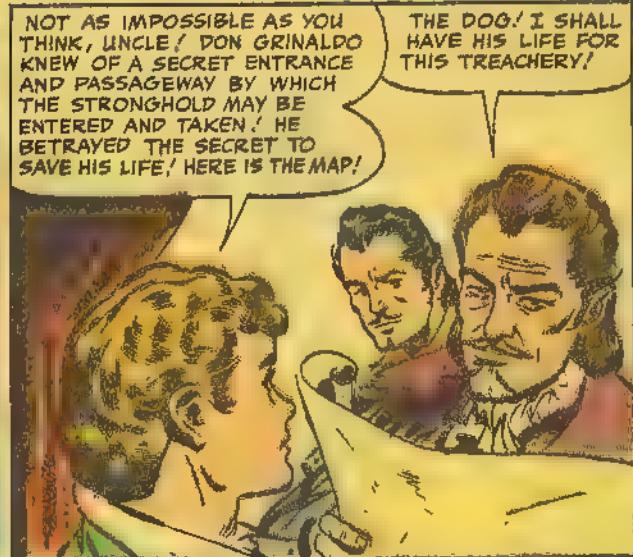
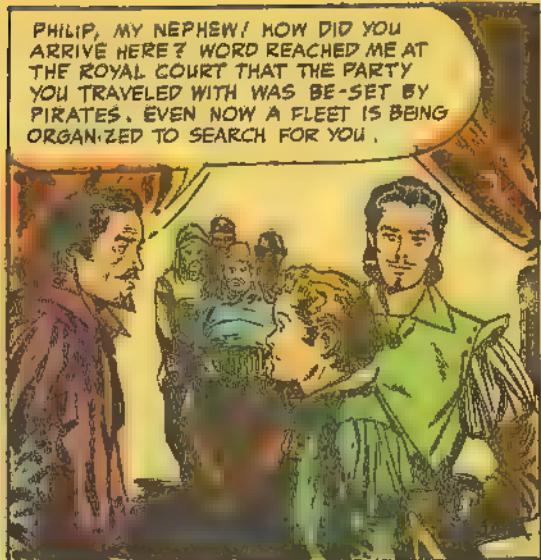




...GRINALDO GOES TO HIS REWARD.



LATER AT THE ISLAND STRONGHOLD OF DON IVIZCO, PHILIP RECEIVES A WARM WELCOME FROM HIS UNCLE...





AT THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD...



WITH THE SAFE ARRIVAL OF DONA INEZ AT THE STRONGHOLD OF DON IVIZCO...



LATER -
AT THE
COURT OF
KING
FERDINAND
AND QUEEN
ISABELLA...



NOW IT'S FUN TO REDUCE

CANADA'S NEW EASIER WAY TAKES OFF UGLY FAT

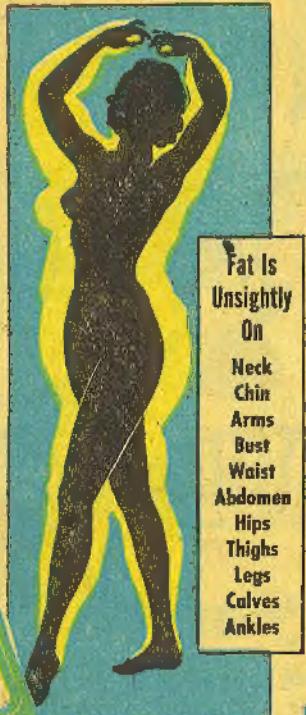
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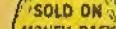
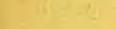
Fat Is
Unsightly
On
Neck
Chin
Arms
Bust
Waist
Abdomen
Hips
Thighs
Legs
Calves
Ankles



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IN 2
WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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The Fun
You'll Have



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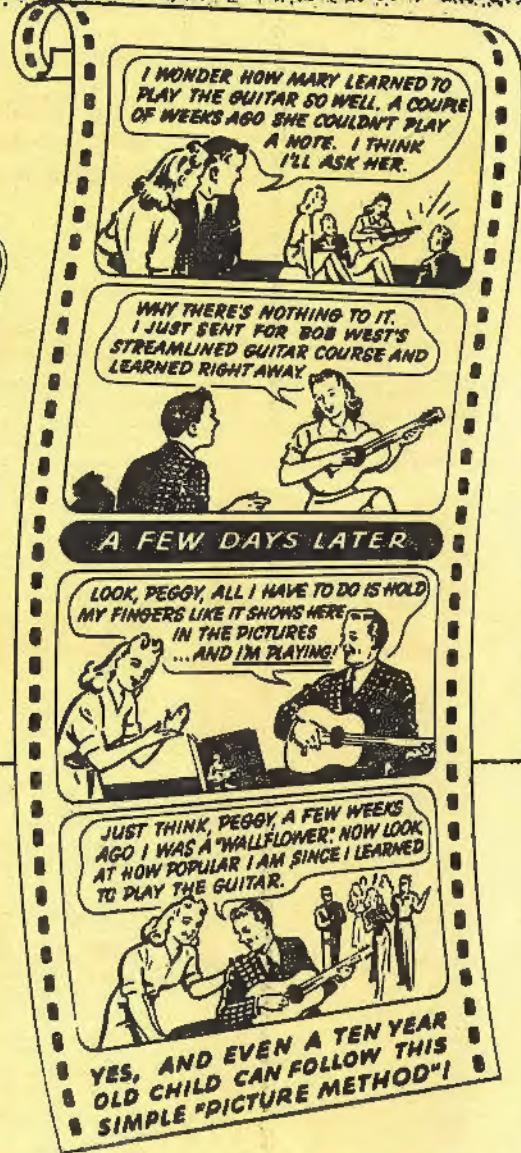
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